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THE

OCCASIONAL CRITIC;

OR, THE

DECREES of the *Scotch* Tribunal

IN THE

CRITICAL REVIEW Rejudged.

IN WHICH

The LEARNING, PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, TASTE,
KNOWLEDGE OF MANKIND, HISTORY, PHYSIC,
BELLES LETTRES, and POLITE ARTS, the CANDOR,
INTEGRITY, IMPARTIALITY, ABILITIES, PRETEN-
SIONS, PERFORMANCES, DESIGNS, &c. &c. &c. &c.
&c. &c. &c. &c. &c. of the GENTLEMEN Au-
THORS of that Work, are placed in a true Light.

Ambubr

collegia, Phamae

Balatrones

itum est.

B  L



TO THE
GENTLEMEN AUTHORS
OF THE
CRITICAL REVIEW.

GENTLEMEN,

WITHOUT entering into a Disquisition on
the Qualifications which are requisite to com-
W pleat the Character of a Critic, I shall presume
to take the same Liberty with your Writings
which you have taken with those of my Coun-
trymen. And enquire how well you are adapted to criticise the
Works of other Authors, by examining what is to be found
in your monthly Productions. In this Design I propose to my-
self the obtaining two laudable Effects; One, the preventing
B you

you from exposing yourselves to monthly Ridicule and Contempt; the Other, your Readers, if any yet remain, from monthly Imposition and Expence. This Design then, being founded on Charity, it would be impertinent to make an Apology for it to the World in general, or to you, the *Scotch* Gentlemen, Critics and Annalists, in particular.

And here, Gentlemen, in Compliance with your Manner of ranging Things, I am obliged to proceed through your first monthly Labour and begin with your posterior Part; a Piece of Writing printed on blue Paper, and called PLAN; and in this Place, as the *befriending Merit dignifying the liberal Arts*, and doing Justice to all Men, is equally my Pursuit, as it is yours, I own that this Word *Plan*, placed like a House of Office at the Back-door of your Work, and which in all others stands like the Portico in the Front, is situated with great Propriety: It is indeed a Key to your Productions; a friendly Hint that your Works are to be read from the wrong End and understood backwards; without this Observation all coming to the true Meaning of your Criticism is absolutely impossible. There is besides a great similitude between the Work itself and a Little-house, the Odour is very offensive to all Gentlemen who unhappily have not been educated to the Use of the * *Wha wants me*.

This very extraordinary Piece of yours called Plan begins in the following Manner.

P L A N.

* The *Wha wants me* is the most celebrated public Cry in *Edinburgh*, and is utter'd by dingy Fellows, who with a Conve- niency to fit on for all who are prest to do what the *Scotch* Gentlemen Critics cannot do for one another, and with a Cloak to cover their Customers, continually travel the City of *Edinburgh* for the public Commodity of easing the good Subjects of *Scotland* in the open Streets.

P L A N.

“ This Work will not be patched up by *obscure Hackney-Writers*, but executed by a *Sett of Gentlemen*, whose Characters and Capacities have been universally approved and acknowledged by the Public.”

This Beginning, considering it as coming from the Pen of professed Critics appears to me not a little extraordinary ; and indeed, unless you are indulged in writing false Grammar and Nonsense, because you are *Gentlemen Critics* ; as those Fiddlers are, with playing out of Tune and Time, who are *Gentlemen Fiddlers*, I know of no Excuse for you.

You first say *Plan*, and then *this Work*. What Work ? The Names of other Peoples Works follow the Word *Plan* in all other Plans which I have seen given to the Public ; thus it seems then, that *four Words* only are required to make the first you have written to be Sense and *English*, viz. *Of the Critical Review*. Then indeed, *this Work* may follow intelligibly. And yet, so unlucky are you in first setting out ; that, though with these four auxiliary Words, that poor solitary Monosyllable *Plan* should be relieved from the Distress of Nonsense and false Grammar ; it may be found by and by, as *Bays* tells *Johnson* on the News of *Lardella's* Death, after all that she is not dead, so that this Piece of Writing is no more a Plan of a *Critical Review* than it is of the Battle of *Culloden*, or of *Holy-rood House*. After this happy Commencement of Nonsense and false *English* you proceed to say, that, *it*, meaning the Review ; will not be patched up by *obscure Hackney-Writers* : Now as you seem to be great Lovers of the *jocular* through your Works, have not you, in thus expressing yourselves, concealed a very clever joke : Which is, if any Man should denominate you *obscure Hackney-Writers*, to reply, that you are *publicly* known to be such. Otherwise, how will you reconcile that Assertion with your daily Employments ? and here, pray

give me Leave to ask the following Questions by Way of clearing up this Affair.

Is not a Person, who agrees with a Bookseller to fit up a Book by the Sheet or by the Yard, since the Value of his Work is measured by the Length of it only, as Upholsters do Rooms by sticking Pieces of other Men's Labours together with Paste, a *Hackney-Writer*? Is not the Champion of your Cause at this very Minute with a Pair of Scissars in his Hand cutting Paragraphs from the different Histories of *England*, and with Paste sticking them to brown Paper, to make a New History which is to pass for his own Writing? Was not the Abridgment of Voyages and Travels so *liberally* praised in your Review a Work of his *cutting out* and compiling in this Manner? Hath he not long been a Compiler and Translator by the Yard at *hackney* Pay; did not he for Hire write that Treatise on Midwifry, to which S——e modestly put his Name, who, though a great Lecturer, does not know one single Sentence of Grammar in any Language of the known World? What is a Man then less than a *Hackney-Writer*, on whom every Bookseller may mount, as he may a Horse at a Livery-stable, by paying so much aside.

Thus, Gentlemen Critics, your first three Lines exhibit a most exuberant Instance of false Grammar, Nonsense and fill up the Blank yourselves; and, if I mistake not, before you and I part, it will appear as flagrant that you are not Gentlemen, if good Manners are necessary to form the Character of a Gentleman, as that Sense, Grammar, and Truth are Strangers to these three first Lines.

Nay, these are not all the Mistakes which they contain. You say; *your Capacities have been acknowledged by the Public*. For what pray? for cutting Corns, carrying Packs, or scratching from long Study with both Hands at a Time? It cannot be understood for Criticism; because this is your first Essay; and as to any other Capacities which you possess, your Readers cannot conceive from the Word Capacity how to infer that

that you are Critics, more than Gingerbread-bakers; or whether you are the Heirs of *Aristotle* or *Tiddydoll*. The Conclusion of this then is, that the Public have acknowledged your Characters and Capacities to be Characters and Capacities, and from this Declaration I defy the World to discover what you *are* fit for, and which remains to this Hour a most impenetrable Secret; indeed, it knows what you are *not* fit for, by your monthly Productions.

Thus, Gentlemen Critics, in proceeding to the first Colon, you have manifested as promising a Specimen of your Abilities as the most irritated of the Authors, whom you have unjustly abused, can possibly desire.

You then pompously advance to speak of yourselves as “Gentlemen, who have long observed with Indignation the “Production of Genius and Dulness, Wit and Impertinence, “Learning and Ignorance confounded in the *Chaos* of Publication.” Lord have Mercy upon us, what a terrible Situation Wit, Learning, Genius, Dulness, Impertinence and Ignorance were in ’till you took Mercy upon them! Confusion worse confounded! and pray what may this Chaos of Publication be; why really, the *Daily Advertiser*, *London Evening Post*, and Papers of that Nature, which are as apt to the Idea of a Chaos in this your Metaphor as the Simile of your Country Woman’s *M—D—d* was, to the World, when she told her Hearers, that it was as round as a Horse’s Head.

Would not a Painter be greatly astonished, after having read your tremendous Account of this *Chaos of Publication* to find, you had sent him the *London Evening Post* to be copied to express that Image? particularly when he perceived in this Paper, that instead of Confusion, all was regular and distinct; and black Lines drawn between the Articles to keep them from running into a Chaos.

But to indulge you in this Notion of Wit, Impertinence, Dulness, Genius, Learning, Ignorance being confounded
in

in this *Chaos* of Publication; wherefore is your Indignation so vehemently exasperated against all who *applaud without Taste*, and *condemn without Distinction*, when there can be no Room for approving or condemning in any other Manner, where all is *indistinct, Chaos and Confusion*, as you describe it; would not you have done well to have reserved this Chaotic Account of Things as an Extenuation of your Sin of Criticism, when it will be charged upon you that your applause has been without Taste or Truth, and your Condemnation without Distinction or Justice.

You then continue, "*who have seen the noble Art of Criticism reduced to a contemptible Manufacture.*" This, Gentlemen Critics, is another small Escape of yours into the Regions of Nonsense. *Manufacture* is the Thing *made*, and *Art* the Means by which it *is made*. Could this be accomplished, it must indeed be an Object worthy your Indignation, to see the Skill of a Writer, a Brother-Scotch-Critical-Annalist pounded into Paper, dissolved into Ink, handled by the footy Hands of a Printer's Devil, and then thumped in between two Pieces of Pastebord, bound in Leather, made perhaps of the Author's own Hide; this would be an alarming Object. But, unless you can reduce the Statuary to the Statue he is carving, the Weaver to the Cloth he is weaving, and the Creator to the Created, this pompous Expression must for ever remain a most consummate Piece of Nonsense.

You then add, "it shall not be subservient to the *most* sordid Views of Avarice and Interest carried on by wretched *Hierlings* without Talents, Candor, Spirit, or Circumspection." I suppose you mean, that the Authors of the *Monthly Review* are yet *more* sordid and avaritious, *greater Hirelings* and more miserable Critics than you, *Gentlemen Annalists*. Sorry am I to check such growing Spirits with the dreadful News that this Affair is really decided against you, your Readers are *astonished* by what sovereign Powers of sinking, what supream Art of gravitating to the
Center

Center of Stupidity, you have already dived so far below the Profundity of the learned Mrs. G——*ths*, her illiterate Husband, and the Members of their Dunciad; matchless 'till you arose and obtained a complete Conquest over them, unexpected by all Men; so greatly have you excelled all your Predecessors and Contemporaries in the profound Art of reaching the very Bottom of the Bathos in Criticism; but I fancy I shall prove your Views are not disinterested, and that no Sett of Gentlemen ever possessed less Talents in Head and Heart for a Work of this Nature, less Candor, less genuine Spirit or Circumspection.

Nor can I conceive why your Wrath is let loose against a *Manufacture* being carried on by other *Hirelings*, when you are so merciful to *yourselves*, must no Men be paid for pasting but you? and who is so weak as to expect Candor in Authors, who make Books as Harlequin does his Coat, by Scraps, which he steals from other People, and sews into one Vestment; wherefore, *Gentlemen*, let your *Indignation* like your *Charity* begin at home.

Now confess freely with that *Candor* and *Integrity* with which you *promise* to proceed, do you believe there ever has been since the Deluge a Paragraph so replete with Ignorance of Grammar, turgid Parade of false Metaphor, Exuberance of Nonsense and Misrepresentation? and yet *you* are resolved to *task the Abilities*, which brought these Absurdities into Being, with reviving the *true Spirit of Criticism*. Ye inhuman Creatures, ye worse than *Ægyptian* Task-masters, how can you doom your poor Abilities to such unequal Labour to write Criticisms without Grammar, Sense or Truth; more inhuman than *Pharoah* treated the *Israelites*, when he compelled them to make Bricks without Straw: You will *succumb* beneath the Load. Is it not cruelly charging a feeble Ass with the burthen of a Dromedary? yet, obliged by Truth, it must be acknowledged that those Readers are happy, who survey your Work as I do. The Pleasure is endless, every Moment
Objects

Objects of new Delight start up before me ; you tell us in the next Place ; “ you are determined to *vindicate* the *Cause of Literature* from such a venal and corrupted Jurisdiction.” Bravely resolved upon my Word, and yet I believe no Advocate, till you, Gentlemen Criticks, step forth a public Blessing to *benefriend Merit*, and *dignify the liberal Arts* ever attempted to vindicate his Client’s Cause *from* the Judge. It is common indeed to vindicate, that is to justify, to support, to maintain a Cause (as Mr. *Samuel Johnson*, will tell you in his Dictionary, a Work especially necessary for *such Gentlemen Critics*) *before* a Judge, but to justify a Cause *from* a Judge or *Jurisdiction* is really arrant Nonsense and false Grammar in *England*, whatever it may be in your Country : Thus, Gentlemen, you exhibit the true Spirit of *Scotch Criticism* and *Scotch Literature* by not understanding the *English Language*.

Notwithstanding this, no Partiality shall prevent me from doing your *Abilities* full Justice. I frankly own, a few Things excepted, such as, Sense, Grammar, Truth, &c. You exactly copy *Longinus*, the most sublime Critic of Antiquity. It is a Precept of his, that when Men are writing on Subjects, which resemble those of *Plato* and *Demosthenes*, they should exert every Power to imitate their Manner ; this you have happily attained to in the Style of the preceding Paragraph, which may be called the Champion Style of *England*, and in Justice I shall insert the Original, that your Readers may compare it with the Excellence of your Imitation.

I *George Dreadnought*, Master of the noble Science of Defence, having long observed with Indignation the Productions of Genius and Dullness, Bungling and Art, Ignorance and Knowledge in that noble Science confounded in the Chaos of public teaching, applauded without Taste, and condemned without Distinction ; I, who have seen the noble Art of the small and back Swords reduced to a contemptible Manufacture, subservient to the most sordid Views of Avarice and Interest, and carried on by wretched Bunglers, without Talents, Skill,

or

or Courage, do challenge *Thomas Doughty* to meet me at *Tottenham Court*, then and there to give ample Satisfaction by fighting the Weapons round, not doubting to afford the World a convincing Proof that he is an ignorant Dastard, and that I am the sole Champion of *Christendom*.

Here, Gentlemen you must do me the Justice to acknowledge, which I expect you will at the Tail of your next Lunar Lucubration, that I have, like a candid Critic, shewn that the *Ti Deioy*, two Greek Words you are fond of, was breathed into you at your Birth, and that you are the genuine Descendants of *Longinus*.

Then, like a true Champion, the Knight of *La Mancha*, you arrive to rescue the Charms of Literature from the avaritious Hands of the hireling Necromancers in the *Monthly Review*. What an Advantage it is in a Critic to have transcribed *Don Quixote*, tho' it may prove a great Loss to the Bookseller who hired him.

The Happiness which attends reading your Criticisms is not to be equalled in perusing the Works of any other Men, you are not simply surprising but variously so. Wherever I turn my sight Charms on Charms arise. Your Modesty comes next in as conspicuous a Point of View, as your Knowledge of Grammar, Sense, Style, and Love of Truth, have already appeared, it modestly begins: *They have no Connections to warp their Integrity, they have no Prejudices to influence their Judgement*. That is, they are not human but celestial Creatures, without one Frailty in their Composition. And from whence Readers do you imagine these Beings of such exalted Order came? Why really from the other side of the *Tweed*, a Country renowned for producing Creatures remarkable for unwarped Integrity, unprejudiced and impartial Judgments: Wherefore it ceases to be a Wonder that you Gentlemen Critics should enjoy such exalted Qualifications, unknown to *English* and *Irish* Men. Thus that which would

have been deemed *Impudence* in them is but *Scotch Ma-*
desty in you.

To this you subjoin, “ You will not presume to decide
“ upon the Merit of a Work in an arbitrary Sentence, un-
“ supported by Evidence; you will not condemn or extoll
“ without having first carefully perused the Performance;
“ you will not seek invidiously to wrest the Sense, misinter-
“ pret the Meaning, or misquote the Words of an Author,
“ who may fall under your Inspection; you will not exhi-
“ bit a partial and unfair Assemblage of the Beauties or
“ Blemishes of any Production, you will not venture to cri-
“ ticise a Translation without understanding the Original,
“ or fill up the Page with long insipid Transcripts. In a
“ Word, you will not commend with Reluctance, or Cen-
“ sure with Hesitation.”

Your Readers, from what is to be found in this Paragraph,
and what I shall hereafter shew them, will be convinc-
ed how useful to the true Understanding your Criticisms,
that Hint of considering them in the inverted Sense will appear,
and that without this friendly Remark, every Word you
have written would be utterly a Mistake, and that you will
presume every Thing you have declared against.

You then continue, “ That you scorn to act as the Mi-
“ nisters of *Interest, Faction, Envy* or *Malvolence*, you pro-
“ fess yourselves indeed the *Enemies* of *Dulness*, but your fa-
“ vourite *Aim* is to *befriend Merit, dignify the liberal Arts*,
“ and contribute towards the Formation of a *publick Taste*,
“ which is the best Patron of *Genius* and *Science*.”

Excuse me, *Gentlemen*, if I cannot give Credit to all you
say. I fancy it will be proved you are the very Ministers you
scorn. The Friends and not the Enemies of Dullness, and
as to your *Aim* of befriending Merit, you are very bad
Marks Men, and have most egregiously missed your Object;
for certainly the Arts remain as undignified, public Taste as
little formed, *Genius* and *Science* as little patronized as be-
fore

fore you turned Critics, or as if you had never existed; and must continue for ever in the same sad Condition if Patrons and Critics proceed, in Imitation of your Method of accomplishing that Deligh, as I imagine will soon be too clear to be contradicted, even by yourselves.

You now *pretend* in the next Paragraph to what you did *not presume* in the former; “ To delineate the Plan of every
“ Work with Accuracy and Candor, to point out the Excellencies, hint at the Defects, and whenever you signify
“ your Disapprobation, you promise to illustrate you Censure with proper Quotations, from which the Reader may
“ appeal to his own Understanding,” and to which he will probably for the future appeal, without troubling himself about your Criticisms, thinking your *Pretensions* very ill-grounded, or that you do not understand the Words you write.

Variety has been frequently considered as the great Charm in writing, and in no Men's Works is there to be found so much as in that of yours, one Passage of them is more fertile in Beauties than whole Pages of those slovenly Critics Aristotle, Longinus, Horace, Vida, Boileau, Bossu, and all others, ancient or modern.

Your next Paragraph is a happy Illustration of this Truth;
“ In these Sentiments they have established a *Correspondence* with *France, Holland, Germany, Italy* and *Spain*.
“ which will enable them to entertain their Readers with
“ the literary News of those different Countries, and to
“ *translate* such Productions as shall seem to bid fairest for
“ succeeding in an *English* Dress.

It is not improbable that many Men may infer from this *Correspondence* you may be enabled to give your Readers the literary News, of those Kingdoms: but how that should enable you to *translate* those Productions; seems a Conclusion not warrantably drawn from these Premises. If a *Correspondence,*

dence with those Parts can make *Translators*, then those who correspond most will be the best adapted to that Purpose; wherefore Merchants who trade to those Realms, having ten Times your Correspondence, must be ten Times better enabled to *translate* the Languages of those Countries: A Consequence you will hardly allow. Instead of *Correspondence* then, understanding the Language and Sense of the respective Authors to be translated, and that into which he translates them, bid fairest to qualify a Writer for such an Undertaking, tho' he shall never have corresponded with any Kingdom in *Europe*. How well you are qualified to understand the Sense of other Authors and Languages, may be seen from what will be observed hereafter on this your Monthly Production; and how far you are enabled to translate from foreign Languages into *English*, from the Accuracy and Knowledge which you have manifested in this Thing call'd P L A N. Hence it appears your Reason is equal to your Skill in Grammar, and Love of Veracity.

Having thus given an Account of what you will not *presume* to do, and what you will *pretend* to do, with your unanswerable Reasons for being nicely adapted to *translating*, you proceed to tell us what Benefits are to be received from your Labours, in which your Modesty once more appears in its original Lustre.

You say, " Such an Intercourse and mutual Communication among *People of Genius, Taste and Learning*, who reside in different Kingdoms, will excite a noble Spirit of Emulation, and Enquiry, and afford a Variety of curious Hints, Experiments and Essays, which may open into Prospects, and lead to Discoveries equally conducive to the Entertainment, Instruction and Emolument of Mankind."

And here, Gentlemen Critics, shall I take the Liberty of asking, If you have hitherto known an Instance of other Writers in your Way, pronouncing themselves Men of *Genius*,

nius, Taste and Learning, by Way of Recommendation of their Works to their Readers ? and I am afraid, tho' you are Godfathers for each other, you will no more keep up to this Character which is promised, than a Libertine does in renouncing the Devil and all his Works, which is promised for him at the Font of Baptism.

Pray, Gentlemen, would not the Discovery of your *Genius, Taste and Learning* have come with a better Grace from your Readers than yourselves ? or did you foresee what has happened, and that unless you had condescended to acquaint us of these Qualities that they could never have been discovered from your *Annals* ? indeed as you have thought fit to deliver this from your own Lips, which must be allowed the best Authority, I shall not contradict the *Truth* of it ; but I shall endeavour to shew, that you and the World have very different Ideas annexed to those Terms, which Difference may probably arise from writing in a Language, of which you are not Masters, and thus, tho' this Assertion *may* not proceed from *want* of *Veracity*, it may from *want* of *Understanding*.

Another Reason for my believing your Ideas of *Genius, Taste and Learning*, are distinct from those of other Men, is that those Consequences which you have predicted have not yet followed your Labors. We hear nothing of that noble Spirit of Emulation and Enquiry. We receive none of those various Hints, Experiments and Essays. We see no Prospects opened or Discoveries made, which are to be the Entertainment, Instruction and Emolument of Mankind. Indeed you only say these *may be* ; wherefore to this Objection you may answer, the Time is not yet come : And we, as no Symptom of it appears hitherto in your monthly Sooterkins of Criticism, believe it never will come at all.

And now for the wonder-working Power of this your Labor, " It will form one large Reservoir of Knowledge and
" Amuse-

“ Amusement, filled from a Diversity of rich and delightful
 “ Streams : It will dispel those Mists of Obscurity through
 “ which one People has hitherto beheld another (seeing in
 “ the Dark) it will introduce us to a more intimate Ac-
 “ quaintance with the Characters, Customs and Concerns
 “ of our Neighbours extend and elevate the Understanding,
 “ remove those national Prejudices that prevail so much to
 “ the Reproach of human Nature; and unite the more ratio-
 “ nal sentimental and benevolent Part of our fellow Crea-
 “ tures in one social Family, connected by much more gene-
 “ rous Ties than those that bind the selfish Communities of
 “ the World.”

This Paragraph is another happy Exhibition of that Rule
 of *Longinus* before-mentioned, imitating the quack-medical
 Style as perfectly as the former did that of the Champion,
 and proves you had in your Eye that sublime Manner used
 in the Advertisements of the *Aurum Horizontale Pill*, and
so much famed Hypo Drops; which in a few Days will in-
 fallibly cure Hypochondriac Melancholy in Men and Va-
 pours in Women, after all other Remedies have proved
 ineffectual, by immediately striking at the Roots of Windy
 Disorders in the first Passages, they will cure Sour Belch-
 ings, Cholicks, Giddiness, Dimness of Sight, confused
 Thoughts, pertinacious Watchings, Frights, Fears, direful
 Views, Fits, Flushings, Reachings, Faintings, Tremblings,
 Twitchings, Pains and Weakness and all the grievous
 Symptoms which affect the Microcosm of Man.

Now, Gentlemen Critics, as those Pills and Drops, thus
 advertised, are seldom known to perform those wonderful
 Cures, and those who declare in this Manner are never cre-
 dited by Men of Sense; I am going to examine whether
 your Productions are not as fallacious as theirs, and your-
 selves, as arrant Quacks and Puffers in Criticism and Lite-
 rature, as your Brother Advertisers are in Medicine.

Thus,

Thus, Gentlemen Annalists, thro' this whole Piece called *PLAN*, there does not appear one Syllable advanced towards the Plan of a Critical Work : Tho' you have been extremely liberal in giving us a *PLAN* of the *Planners*. And indeed the Execution of it will shew you have work'd without a *PLAN* in Imitation of ancient Builders in *England*; tacking one Part of the Edifice to another, as Occasion required, without Taste, Order, or Design ; 'till that came big enough for a House, as your Production is for a Shilling Pamphlet.

Otherwise you would have told your Readers, that this Work would have consisted in examining every literary Production which promised either Entertainment or Instruction, in what Manner it was executed, whether with Spirit or Insipidity, uniform or perplexed, vague or consistent, nervous or effete : Whether replete with new Ideas, a better Arrangement of the old or apter Illustrations on the Subject, than are to be found in preceding Authors. That from just Observation of the Nature of each Subject and Degree of its Perfection, by comparing it with the Extent of the intellectual Powers hitherto discovered, and with the Productions of other Writers on the same Subject, an Endeavour would be exerted to assign what Rank each Work ought to bear in the Scale of literary Excellence : Collecting and ascertaining the Abilities of the Author from the Force and Extent of his Conceptions, the Perspicuity of his Genius, Comprehension and Arrangement of the Matter he is treating on ; as well as from the Difficulty and Abstruseness which attend one Kind of Study above another : At the same Time the true Taste, Turn of thinking and Aptitude for each Kind of Writing in the different Authors would be attempted to be gather'd from the sentimental Touches, liberal Ideas, accurate Reasonings, intuitive Perceptions, Knowledge of the Subject, of human Nature, Arts, Sciences, and Belles Lettres. The Tendency which each Work has to improve or debase

debase human Nature, to advance or retard the Progress of Science and Utility : Whether Reason or Imagination, Nature or Art, Argument or Declamation were most prevalent in the literary Productions which come forth : As well as whether the Propriety of the Style answer'd to the Nature of the Writing in apt Expression, Sublimity, Strength, Ease, Tenderneſs, Humour, Conciseness or Accuracy. This or something much better you ought to have done, instead of which you have omitted, for Reasons best known to yourselves, though ſurely guess'd at by your Readers, all Delineation of a PLAN of your Work, and spoken of Nothing but what clever Fellows you are for the Undertaking.

Suppose a Nobleman, who had an Inclination to build a House, should send for an Architect to draw him a PLAN ; when instead of complying with this Request, he should tell his Lordship that his House must be most excellently designed, because he and his Associates had *no Connexions to warp their Integrity*, and *no Prejudices to influence their Judgment*, that his Carpenters, Masons, Bricklayers, Plaisterers, Mortar-makers, Hod-carriers and Tylers performed their Business better than any Men alive. Would not the Peer reply, that may be, but what is this to the Design of my Building ? I ask for a Plan of a House, and you give me that of yourself and Fellow-workmen. I want an Architect and not a Boaster: Would not this render this Pretender to Architecture extremely ridiculous, and would not his Lordship laugh at the Behaviour of the Man ? I shall leave the Application to you, and proceed to examine your first monthly Production.

The first Subject which happens to fall under your Critical Review is Mr. *Sheridan's* Treatise which he calls *British Education*. In criticising this Work, after having sagaciously remark'd that the Author calls that an *Address* which is usually term'd a *Dedication*, you tell your Readers what is to be found in the Title and Preface, when without assigning one Reason for your Approbation, unless it be a small Flourish
upon

upon the Author's Manner of applying the Quotations, which he makes. You add, Page 2, Paragraph 3, that the Author seems to be "*Perfectly Master of his Subject*, and to have " considered it attentively in all its *different Lights* : His " Notions are *formed* upon and *confirmed* by those of the " most *eminent Masters*, ancient and modern, *Cicero, Quintilian, Locke, Addison, Berkley, Du Bos, Mason.*"

What ought a Reader to conclude from this Declaration of your Opinion, otherwise than that the Writer had given the World a complete Treatise on Education, founded on, and confirmed by the best Authorities, and worthy of universal Applause ? And yet, strange to tell, you acquaint us, Page 5, Paragraph 2, after a long Quotation to show the Author's Style, which you shrewdly remark " Will be best seen by the " Specimen." A Remark equally adapted to any Man's Style, without one Observation upon it " that he ascribes *more* to his " favourite *Art*, than to most Readers can appear *reasonable.*" Pray, Gentlemen, how do you reconcile these clashing Contradictions in your Criticisms ; that a *perfect Master* of the Subject of which he is treating, should write what cannot appear *reasonable* ? This, to my short-sighted Comprehension, seems a small Stumbling-block of Absurdity.

You then add, " *This* (that is, *This Want of Reason*) infests even his Title-Page, *British Education*, what is it ? " *Oratory* : A Part indeed of Education, not the *Whole* ! The " *Source* of our *Disorders* ! whence are they derived ? From " the Neglect of *Oratory*. He had better said, from the " Superfluity and Abuse of it." Now I would gladly be informed how you came to aver Mr. *Sheridan* was a perfect Master of his *Art*, when you say that he wants *Reason* in his very first setting out ? and when he declares *Oratory*, to be the *Whole* of Education, and the Neglect of it the *Source* of our *Disorders*, that you differ in Opinion from a Man, whom you have pronounced to be Master of his Art,

confirmed in it by the most eminent Masters, ancient and modern? and assert that Oratory is only a *Part* of Education; that the very *Antithesis* of *Disuse*, the *Superfluity* of Oratory, is the Origin of our Disorders, and yet not retract your former Opinion? It would be civil to tell us, why you avowed the *first* Declaration, adopted the *second*, and still suffered both to stand in your *Annals*, since they seem as incompatible as a high Wind and a powdered Perriwig, or Sunshine in a total Eclipse of the Sun.

Can a Man be said to be Master of an *Art*, who does not understand what can be effected by that *Art*, and assigns those Consequences to the *Disuse* which are owing to the *Abuse* of it? Ascribing more or less to an Art than it can produce, equally expresses the Ignorance of the Professor, because he knows not the Extent and Power of it.

Whether Mr. *Sheridan* shall be thought right or wrong in his Manner of thinking is not the Thing I am inquiring into: I am only searching whether you are just or deficient in your Remarks on him. Indeed I am inclined to believe since his Notions are formed upon and confirmed by Masters of established Reputation that he is right, and his Errors to be found but in your Remarks, and for this simple Reason, tho' it may be very wide from your's: I have a better Opinion of *Tully*, *Quintillian*, *Mr. Locke*, &c. than of you the *Scotch* Gentlemen Critics of the *Monthly Annals* of Literature. However whether Mr. *Sheridan* be right or wrong in his Judgment; you *must* be wrong in your Criticism: For if *he be* a *Master* of his Art, he cannot have written Things *unreasonable* and *contradictory* to the Truth of it; and if he has written such Things as are wrong he cannot be a *Master* of his *Art*. Wherefore you must be mistaken in what you have said of him and his Treatise in the first or the last Article, unless you can reconcile the Contradiction.

After

After this, you continue, “ The same Fondness, that is, “ for saying *unreasonable* and *mistaken* Things, leads him in- “ to a tedious Disquisition concerning the Pre-eminence of “ Oratory above its Sister-Arts, *Poetry*, *Music*, and *Painting*.” Is it the *Mark* of a *Master* to become tedious in exhibiting his Art? You then add, “ Questions, which however grave- “ ly they may have been discussed by *French* Authors, might “ with us be left for a Subject of School Declamation.” This you *say*, but you have forgotten, as you hitherto always have, to assign the *Reasons* for it. Why may the Pre-eminence of Oratory be left to School Declamation in *England*, and yet be a Subject for grave Discussion in *France*? Does their Constitution, which is *despotic*, countenance the Study and Practice of Oratory more than ours, which is *free*? Does not the very Nature of our Government suppose it a necessary Accomplishment of our Peers and Commons? Have not free States ever been the Parents of Orators, and absolute Powers the Bane of them? And Reasons for this assigned in the very eminent Masters which you have already named? Can a Speaker be accomplished in his Profession, without knowing the Powers and Pre-eminence of his Art? How then is this Disquisition, on the Pre-eminence of Oratory, a more apt Enquiry for a *French* than an *English* Writer? when the first forms no Part of the Constitution, and the latter may be one of the legislative Power, where his Eloquence may create his Consequence, and may serve his Country. Was there ever an Observation so diametrically opposite to the Truth, and to the Opinion of all Men of Eminence, who have written on the Subject; that the Pre-eminence of Oratory is a fit Subject for a Nation, where the Use of free Speech is denied, and not adapted to one where it is permitted?

In your Critical Remarks, you proceed by saying, “ The “ Truth is, most Writers, warmed, or rather intoxicated by “ their *darling Art*, inadvertently lose Sight of it, and instead

“ of the *Art itself*, and its proper Application, in Effect pre-
 “ sent you with *Idols of their own Imagination.*”

Nothing can exceed the Truth of this Observation, if you would but apply it to *yourselves* and *your Art* of Criticism; but if you intend this for Mr. *Sheridan*, as I imagine you must, from your inserting it in this Place, how comes it to pass, that this *perfect Master*, that has so attentively considered his Art in all Lights, confirmed by the Masters of Antiquity, should lose *Sight* of it, and imagine Idols of his own? I should suspect that a Man can be but little Master of an Art, that lets his Subject escape from him, and supplies it with Fancies of his own Creation. Should a Statuary who was carving a *Venus*, lose Sight of his Art, and make the Statue with cloven Feet, a long Tail, a Pair of Horns upon her Head, every Feature awry, and then call her the Goddess of Beauty, few Critics, I believe, would compliment him with the Reputation of a great Master. What strange Contrariety of Opinions you have exhibited in four Pages! How nicely your Building is adapted to that Piece which you call *Plan*!

You then wisely tell us, in Imitation of the Author of *The Virgin unmask'd*, who makes the Dancing-Master and Apothecary ascribe her Misbehaviour to her not having learned to dance, and not having taken Physic, “ that the Logician, Arithmeti-
 “ cian, and Virtuoso, ascribe all the Errors of Life to the not
 “ studying *Logic, Arithmetic, and Painting*; and that these fan-
 “ ciful Partialities have multiplied Books without *End* or *Mea-*
 “ *sure.*” I could venture a small Wager, that you have written and translated as many Books by *Measure*, and which have had an *End*, as are to be found on the Subjects which you have been just mentioning: This, if it alludes to any Thing, is to insinuate, that this Master, whom you have pronounced perfect in his Art, has been ridiculously wrong in his whole Treatise. Having proceeded thus far, you declare, “ that to an overweening *Fondness* of this Kind,” that is, a
Fondness

Fondness of drawing Inferences from false Principles, “ Mr. Sheridan has substituted a fictitious Cause of our Disorders for the true one.” At last then you speak out openly. That is, “ he is totally erroneous, and has given a Fiction for a Reality: And yet he is a perfect Master of his Subject too, has considered it attentively in all its different Lights, and his Notions are formed upon, and confirmed by those of the most eminent Masters antient and modern.” Thus then you have discovered, that not only Mr. Sheridan is wrong in assigning his Cause of our Disorders, but that Cicero, Quintillian, Locke, Addison, Berkley, Du Bos and Mason, who support and confirm his Notions are wrong also: for methinks unless it be by such Critics as you it will be difficult to explain how Authors *right* in their Manner of thinking can support an Author who is *wrong* in *his*. Having thus far advanced to justify Mr. Sheridan’s being a Master of his Subject by a new Way of asserting, that he knows nothing at all about it, you add. “ The true Cause we allow to be a *bad Education*, but not the Want of its last finishing Touch, *Oratory*. This were to *invert* the Order of Things.” Here again Mr. Sheridan, and all the above Ancients and Moderns, who support and confirm his Opinion, do not know the *wrong End* from the *right*: And yet Mr. Sheridan and those Writers are allowed to be perfect Masters, even by you. Suppose a Horseman should *invert* the Order of Things, and seizing a Gelding by the Tail, mount with his Face towards it, and ride in that Manner, insisting it was right: Would you pronounce him a perfect Master of Horsemanship? Supposing a Man should teach to fence with the Point of the Sword in his own Hand, and with the Gripe towards his Enemy, would you denominate him a Master? and yet you must have declared Mr. Sheridan a Master for similar Reasons.

Thus

Thus then this Master after understanding all and nothing of the Subject, in your wavering Opinion, is at length become the very *Jack Pudding* of it, and stands upon his Head instead of his Heels.

What Variety of Flowers are to be culled from your Critical Garden, the next Thing you exhibit is "A Delicacy of not throwing the Blame of vicious Education on Schools, Academies and Universities but more charitably inclined on Vice and Avarice, which begin in the Nursery and Parlour; and, to the cruel Neglect and bad Example of Parents." To these Causes you ascribe those Disorders in Pronunciation and Morals, which you say, "No *natural* no *human Means* can stop or moderate." Now, *Gentlemen Critics*, many of your Readers would be glad to know why you have taken so much Pains to contradict Mr. *Sheridan*, and to ascribe our Disorders to a different Cause, since no human Means can even stop or moderate them : Or, how your Manner of Education, which is to begin in the Parlour and Nursery, is better than his of Oratory, since you confess that neither of them can be of any Effect. How, of two Things, each worth *nothing*, can one be better than another ? In the Humour you were in when you wrote this Part of your Criticism, what *Wit*, what *Joke* would have escaped on Mr. *Sheridan*, an *Irishman*, if he had made so notorious a Blunder ?

You then pass thro' a Quotation from *Horace*, and arrive with the same fresh Spirit of inimitable Criticism, to Pulpit Oratory in which you *differ* from Mr. *Sheridan*, who conceives it irresistible : And why pray, because you say, "The *Talent* is *very ornamental*, and may be *exceedingly useful*;" happy in the Reasons which you produce. But then to do you Justice, you add, "When accompanied with the other more essential Qualifications of a good Preacher, but without them it is a sounding Brass and a tinkling Symbol." This, *Gentlemen*, is not plain *English*, it should be as sounding Brass, there

there being no such Thing as a Brags. Now I should be glad to know what Qualifications are more *essentially necessary* to a Pulpit Orator than good Oratory, or why your Addition of *Charity* is put in this Place. Mr. *Sheridan* has not said that to make a good Orator a Man should be a Thief or a Cheat : He was talking of the Powers of *Speech* and not of *Morality*. Indeed not you only but your Readers believe, what you next say, that *you forget what Manner of Men you were* when you quitted your Pews, or that you have heard very little to the Purpose in them from these Specimens of your Criticism. You then flourish upon the Utility and destructive Power of Oratory, when shewing how equally you are adapted to pursue the Work which Mr. *Sheridan* has left unfinished, as you are to be Critics : You close the Discussion of these useful Questions, and others of a like Kind, by saying, “ We may expect from the superior Abilities and Integrity of Mr. *Sheridan*, whose Work, as far as he has yet carried it, we can freely recommend to our readers as equally entertaining and instructive.”

Pray, Gentlemen Critics, do you imagine there ever has been presented to the Public a Criticism so excellent in its Way. You first say, Mr. *Sheridan* is a perfect Master of his Subject, supported and confirmed in it by ancient and modern Writers of Excellence and Esteem. Your next Endeavour is to prove he has assigned *too much* to his Art. Then that he has mistaken the Subject and given what is *fictional* only. That he has *inverted* the whole. That your Manner is *better* than his, though both are *worth nothing*. And then, that he is again a *Man of Abilities*. If you are Men of Candour, and he a Master of his Subject, why did you attempt to disprove it? if he is mistaken and no Master of his Subject, Why did you call him so? And in either of these Cases, how can you be *regarded as Critics*? Are not your *Abilities* tasked beyond their Bearing?

This

This first Stone of your Building being probably designed to be remarkably laid, as is usual in other great Edifices, I have been the longer in examining your Merits, as it is probably the very Part in which you have exerted those Abilities which you have tasked. Now declare frankly, ye Men of Candour, is there a single Criticism, except you call your Assertions and different Opinions, improper to the Subject, and unsupported by one Argument, *critical Remarks*?

The next Exhibition of your *noble Art of Criticism*, is on the Translation of *Celsus* by *James Greive*, M. D.

Your first Remark is, "That the Author has taken great Pains to preserve the Conciseness and Weight of the Author's Style, which, you apprehend, he has not always been able to manage; that there are some Incorrectnesses in the Language, which very few Writers who are not born in *England* can avoid." And then you give us Instances of them, and of the Translator's not understanding the Language of the Author. You then tell us, "It is an invidious Task to hunt after Blemishes," and should have added, in a *Scotchman*; "and therefore you will go no farther." After this, you extenuate these mistakes, by the *Merit* of attempting to translate this excellent Work; and then conclude that "*Dr. Greive* seems to be a Man of *Learning*." Which is, that *Dr. Greive*, neither understanding the *Latin* which he translates out of, nor the *English* which he translates *Celsus* into, must, for that Reason, seem to be a Man of Learning. From this Way of criticising, that *Ignorance of a Subject* makes a Man of Learning, will not it follow, the most ignorant are the most learned? And allowing this to be just, with Respect to your Works, it is truly *Argumentum ad Hominem*. And you are, by the fairest Inference, the greatest of Critics. Thus as in your Criticism on Mr. *Sheridan*, you first assert, that he is a Master of his Subject, and then endeavour to support that he does not understand it; in this you prove Mr. *Greive* is ignorant of his Subject,

Subject, and thence infer that he is a Man of Learning: Admirable and new indeed !

But let me, as doing Justice is my Pursuit as well as yours, attempt to reconcile these jarring Circumstances ; and, as it is designed for your Advantage, permit me to propose a few Queries.

Did not one of you, Gentlemen Critics, whose *Integrity no Connexions can warp*, whose *Judgement no Prejudices can influence*, take from Mr. *Sheridan*, at the *Castle in Henrietta-Street, Covent Garden*, a *Supper*, by Way of Civility for certain *Approbations*, which were to be inserted in your first monthly *Annals of Literature* ? Was it not owing to this *Supper*, still warm in his Stomach, that the first Compliment of being a *Master* was inserted ? And that when the *Remembrance* pass'd off with the *Meal*, his, I must not call it *Prejudice*, his Envy to *Ireland*, and its Natives returning, which appears so conspicuously in all your Reviews, produced in him you and an Attempt to lessen Mr. *Sheridan*, and to contradict yourselves. Your great Animosity easily prevailing over your little Understanding. In like Manner, did not the glaring Mistakes in the Translation of *Celsus*, force you to say the little you have said against it, and your Partiality oblige you to draw that absurd Inference, that he who does not understand either *Latin* or *English*, is a Man of Learning, because a *Scotchman* ? Will it not be equally just to infer, that a Man must be an excellent Critic, because he has been Surgeon's Mate, on Board a Ship, in the Expedition to *Carthage* ?

Pray, if you please, since you conclude Dr. *Grieve* to be a Man of Learning from his *not Understanding Latin and English*, what would you have inferred if he had understood both ?

Thus, *Gentlemen Critics*, in these two Instances you have given most signal Proofs of your having no Connections to warp your Integrity and no Prejudices to influence your Judgment. At the same Time you have verified the Observation

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how necessary it was to take the Hint from the Situation of your Plan and understand your Works in the inverted Sense, as the true Meaning of the Criticisms you make.

The next Thing which you present your Readers, is the Harmony of the Gospels, by Mr. *Macknight*, you introduce this with a small Preface. “ To harmonize the Gospels, “ that is to reconcile the seeming Inconsistencies and Con- “ traditions, which occur in the evangelical History, hath “ exercised the Pens of the ablest Criticks, from the Fa- “ thers of the Christian Church to the present Times. Yet “ was not the Subject so entirely exhausted, nor the “ desired Harmony so perfectly established, but that Mr. “ *Macknight* thought something more satisfactory to be “ done. How he has performed his Task must be submit- “ ted to the Judgment of the Reader.”

Then, without one introductory Observation, you refer your Readers to Mr. *Macknight*'s Work for a Criticism on itself. Now if we are to be referred to the Author for a Criticism upon himself, what Occasion is there for your Review? Then, after transcribing three Pages, you tell us his Method of treating the Subject is the most natural that could be contrived, and what it contains; after this you subjoin, he has disposed Things in such a Manner that you may compare the Accounts given by the several Evangelists with one another, and what may supply in due Order of Time whatever hath been omitted by one or more of these inspired Writers. All which Mr. *Macknight* tells us himself.

Now would not a true Critic have given some Instances of Mr. *Macknight*'s harmonising some Parts of the Gospel, more happily than his Predecessors, reconciling Passages not before attempted or perfected, have shewn how he differed or agreed with the Scripture Chronology of preceding Authors, in what Instances they have been improved or illustrated, and on what he founds his Arguments? Would not he have given

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one Comparison of one Fact or Doctrine with those of others, to shew the Merit of the Author, with some one Instance of what this Writer has supplied, and what others have omitted?

What shall we conclude from this Proceeding of yours? That Mr. *Macknight* having produced Nothing new on this Subject, nothing could be said in his Favour, and that therefore the *Book* was *impertinent and useless*? Or that you, *Gentlemen* of approved and acknowledged *Characters* and *Capacities*, not understanding the Subject, could not make a Comparison of this Piece with those of other Writers; and therefore that your Criticism is impertinent and useless? Or that Mr. *Macknight* being a *Scotchman*, you spared him, out of Compassion to his and your Country? And lastly, you say, to connect the whole into one consistent uniform Body, and for other Reasons, Mr. *Macknight* subjoins a Paraphrase; this, you say, the Reader will find useful and instructive, and, in some Places, curious and uncommon, as where the Author enquires into the Motive of *Judas's* Treachery.

Indeed I acknowledge your Observation in this Place, of its being curious and uncommon, is very just, particularly where Mr. *Macknight* says, "Others think that *Judas* betrayed his Master out of Covetousness; but neither can this be admitted; for the whole Sum was not in Value above three Pounds ten Shillings Sterling; a Trifle which the most covetous Wretch cannot be supposed to have taken as an Equivalent for the Life of a Friend." The most curious and uncommon Part of this Piece lies in this very Passage; that Mr. *Macknight*, a *Scotchman*, should think three Pounds ten Shillings a Sum which could not produce the Sale of a Master in *Judea*, when his own Countrymen sold their King for a Groat apiece*. Then you transcribe thirteen Pages

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* For the Truth of the *Scotch* selling King *Charles I.* see Mr. *Hume's* History of his Reign.

on *Judas*, without one Observation of your own, excepting this, “ That a Strain of serious unaffected *Piety* is described throughout the whole Work: This Author’s Style “ which although of a *North-Briton* (you don’t seem to love “ the word *Scotchman*) needs very little Indulgence.

As to the *Piety* of this Quotation, if any Body discovers it from the Book, but yourselves, I am much mistaken, for thro’ the Whole there appears the utmost Circumspection to consider *Christ* not as God, but as Man alone, as may be gathered from this single Passage.

“ In which Respect he differ’d exceedingly from the *Rest* “ of *Mankind*, and was much more *like to God* than to *Man*.” Now in my humble Opinion, he that says *Christ* differs from the *Rest* of *Mankind*, fixes him as one of that Order of Beings by the word *Rest*, *the remaining Part*, of the whole of which Species he makes one; and who ever adds, that *Christ* is *like God*, says he is *not God*, because likeness supposes two Objects. A Man that is *like* another is not the Man himself, and in this Sense it is not used in the Manner of saying, that one Creature is like another of the same Species; as that one Brother or one Sister is like another, but where one Order of Creatures is like another, in which the Superiority is acknowledged in the former. How then that Man who does not acknowledge the Deity of *Christ*, and therefore destroys the very Foundation of the Christian Religion can be remarkable for his *serious unaffected Piety*, is, I own, beyond my Comprehension. Pray Gentlemen Critics do you understand what *Piety* means, or do you disavow the Divinity of our Saviour by this Criticism. Indeed I can assign a Reason for every Production being either praised for Faults, or those Faults extenuated when it comes from the Hands of a *Scotchman*. I mean, I could do this if your Integrity was to be warped, or Judgement to be prejudiced, but *as it is*, in Imitation of you *Gentlemen Critics*, I must leave that to my Reader

Reader with observing, that like *Bayes* you are determined to be new and surprizing in all you do.

Your next Criticism is a small Rant rather in Favour than otherwise of the History of the Royal Society, by Doctor *Birch*, in which there is not a single Word of Criticism, unless Assertion be such, concluding with a Satire on Mr. *Pope's Dunciad*. This good Inclination to Doctor *Birch*, I suspect is to be ascribed to another Cause than to his Merit, which I by no means deny. For if there be nothing to be said in Praise of this Work, it deserves no Encomium: And if you have praised it for no Reason, that cannot be conceived as Merit due to the Author. Please therefore to observe Readers, that this Work is printed for *A. Millar*, a *Scotch* Bookseller, to whom these Gentlemen have frequently been Hirelings.

The Fortune-teller comes next before your Critical Tribunal, where you create the Word *Authorling*, and in the didactic Strain tell us it is not worthy Notice, without assigning one Reason why it is false in Nature, or tendency; in both which, though every Man should agree, the censure is extremely Defective in you. From Critics something more is expected than bare Assertion and Transcript, what can be read in the *Book* can never be deemed Criticism upon it.

Your next Critical Subject is Observations on the Islands of *Scilly*, this you pretend to treat with much Contempt; you say the Subject is Rocky and Barren, that it cannot produce much Entertainment or Instruction, and that the Author has made a *Shift* to extend his Detail, &c.—to one hundred and forty Pages in Quarto of very good Print, upon excellent Paper, adorned with four well executed Prints, exhibiting different Views of the Islands of *Scilly*. Intimating that Prolixity in good Letters and on good Paper, are the most conspicuous Parts of this Book. Then you coldly add that Mr. *Borlase* gives some plausible Reasons for thinking that the *Scilly* Isles known to the Ancients by the Name of *Cassiterides*, have suffered some great Change by an Earthquake or Inundation. And af-
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ter this, as the Author's Conjecture concerning the Depopulation and Division of those Islands, is curious and well supported, we shall insert a few Pages in his own Words.

Now Gentlemen Critics in my Opinion this *Cornish* Writer deserved more Respect from you, and there seems no Reason for your saying that the Goodness of the Paper and Print make the Excellence of the Work, since you yourselves declare that his Conjectures concerning the Depopulation and Division of those Islands are curious and well supported; indeed might you not have added, that from a Subject which promised so little, it is surprizing how the Author has drawn so much Entertainment by Dint of happy conjectural Inference? Making that which at first Sight seems barely probable almost positive by the Manner of Treating it: To which you might have justly added, that the Whole was delivered in a Style adapted to the Subject: And give me leave to say, were your Criticisms supported with the tenth Part of the Knowledge of what you Examine, which Mr. *Borlace* has shewn in the Subject of which he treats, there had been much less Reason to complain of your Ignorance in the Arts you Profess. Might not then something more favourable have been said of this Performance, though written by an *Englishman*, when you have already concluded *Grieve* to be a *Scholar* from his Ignorance, and *Macknight* a Man of *Piety*, from not acknowledging the Divinity of *Christ*, who are two *Scotchmen*. Is this the Method, by which you intend befriending Merit? Are you the Men *who have no Connections to warp your Integrity, nor Prejudice to influence your Judgment?* Who have given such early Marks of flagrant Partiality.

The next Thing which comes before your Judgment Seat is a Production of Dr. *Blackwell*, called the Memoirs of the Court of *Augustus*, which might as well have been entitled Memoirs of the Court of *Caramania*, or the Kirk of *Scotland*, two large Volumes having been printed without *Augustus* having opened his Court.

You

You begin, " This learned and ingenious Gentleman after having in his Letter to the Duke of *Newcastle*, bestowed some proper Encomiums on his noble Patron, &c." which Letter though you have past it by almost unobserved, shall be examined by me as an Instance of the Ingenuity of the Gentleman who wrote it, and of your Impartiality or Acuteness in passing it by unremarked.

It begins with ingeniously telling the Duke, that two Years ago the Author took leave of his lamented Patron Mr. *Pelham*, who asked him " What was drawing him so soon from the Circle of his Friends in *London*." To which he answered, " To be present at a distinguished Piece of Honour done to the Muses." This must certainly be a Proof of undoubted Ingenuity in a Man, who according to the Grammar of his Answer, was drawing to be present at a Thing already past: He meant *to be done*. This Honour however was " A Nobleman of the highest Rank, principal Secretary of State, discharging personally the Functions of the first Office of the University, and on a very extraordinary Occasion (*indeed!*) no less Person than his Majesty's High Chancellor, the Ornament of his Profession, being to give a Proof of his Love of Learning, by taking his Degree of Doctor of Laws as a regular Graduate." Now how this was an Honour done to the Muses I am at a Loss to discover, unless as these Ladies have been generally supposed to be honoured by Men of Genius and Learning, the Duke of *Newcastle* is to be deemed a Genius from performing this Office, and the Chancellor a Scholar from his Love of Learning. And this I suppose the World will readily acquiesce in. However Mr. *Pelham* " Approved his Curiosity, said it would not be disagreeable to his Brother to see him at *Cambridge*, and bad him dispatch his second Volume of the Court of *Augustus*." Is not this a pretty Introduction of a Letter to tell a Man what he must know as well as himself?

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could he have any Reason for it, but to put the Duke in Mind of the Expence which he was at in being drawn to this *extraordinary Occasion*? But now comes the Paragraph. "What I then learned and saw transacted in that celebrated Seat of Learning, how excellent soever in itself, I am sure is not proper to be repeated to your Grace." And why? "It is an Injury to *Truth* to tell it under the least Air of *Suspicion*," and therefore as it is not to be told without an Air of Suspicion, he is resolved not to *injure Truth* by telling it at all. Which is just as much as to say, the whole being a Falsehood it is best not to publish it in Print; or how comes it not to be told without *Suspicion*? Is not this very Ingenious? That this is the true Sense of these Words may be gathered from the following Passage also.

"But since the first Part of this impartial Work" (the Author is the Judge of his own Impartiality) "was honoured with the Patronage of so good a Man, and addressed throughout to so upright a Minister as the illustrious *Henry Pelham*, those who ever felt the powerful Influence of Esteem and Gratitude will not disapprove my Resolution to interweave no other Name with the Sequel."

Modest and ingenious! This Peer who did Honour to the Muses, was so far exceeded in Uprightness as a Minister, and Goodness as a Man by his Brother, that every one must Approve of Dr. *Blackwell's* Resolution, not to interweave the Duke's Name in the Sequel, lest it should disgrace his Work. otherwise what Reason can be assigned why the Head of the Family should be excluded in Preference of a younger Brother, especially after the latter was dead: Does not this prove he thought the University Complements ill founded, and therefore not to be mentioned. But he proceeds: "At the same Time may I not humbly hope, that the noble *Disposition to encourage Learning*, running through all your Grace's Conduct, and to promote, by annual Premiums, the most improving Species of it, classical Knowledge will

“ will not leave me to be the sole Sufferer by the Death of
 “ our Patriot; nor permit me singly to deplore a Loss, which
 “ a Train of faithful Services to your Country, and a zealous
 “ Attachment to the best of Kings have rendered scarce
 “ perceptible to a happy People.”

This Paragraph must certainly be designed as a sly ironical Snear on his Grace, for his Neglect of him; for how could Dr. *Blackwell* hope, that a Man, of whom he was afraid to speak the University's Opinion, because it must be suspected of wanting Truth, whose Name he had excluded, because it would disgrace his Work, professed the noble Disposition to encourage Learning, running through all his Conduct; when he must know also, it has been famous for promoting Dunces: Witness the Reverend Dr. S——l S——e, and others of like Merit.

If this was not intended as an Irony, how can we reconcile the Epithet of *lamented* Patron, *upright* Minister, whose *illustrious* Name can suffer no other to be interwoven with it, which have been bestowed on Mr. *Pelham*; when his Death is rendered *scarce perceptible*, so happy we are in the faithful Services of his Brother. What Need of lamenting a Loss which we can scarce perceive? Besides the Doctor's imploring that he may not be the sole Sufferer is so unbecoming a Man of such *Ingenuity* and *Learning*, that I cannot but conclude this was designed as a refined Irony; however if you are of a different Opinion, Gentlemen Critics, I relinquish my Pretensions to this Discovery.

He then adds, “ Let me have the Honour to be reckoned
 “ your Graces's faithful and obedient Servant” to which I have no Objection. Now how came such Eagle-eyed Critics as you to miss the *Merits* of this Letter, and denominate them *proper* Encomiums on a noble Patron. Having given this Mark of Dr. *Blackwell*'s Ingenuity in his Epistle, let us see if it is not as visible and extraordinary in the Preface.

He begins : “ Between the End of *Julius Cæsar’s Memoirs* (or rather of *Hirtius’s* Supplement and the beginning of *Tacitus’s* Annals) “ there is a Gap in the *Roman* History : In it “ is sunk the Death of the Dictator, &c.” Pray, Gentlemen Criticks, does he mean that no Authors have given an Account of this Part of History : Or is it sunk in a Gap of *Greek* and *Latin*, which no Man understands pulling out but himself ? Did he then create the materials, or only translate them from the Originals ? Indeed he tells us, “ That it was “ no Part of the original Plan of these Memoirs, to supply “ this Deficiency, and retrieve the grand *Period* of the *Roman* Story ; but being once engaged, and having forged a “ Link or two of the *Chain*, the Consequence and Curiosity of “ the Materials insensibly drew in the Author to fill up the “ Chasm.

Pray, Gentlemen, do you recollect any Passage in any Writings, your own excepted, where the figurative Way of writing is so admirably preserved as in this ; the Death of the Dictator, the Siege of *Modena*, the Proscription, the Wars in *Asia* and *Rhodes*, the Battles at *Phillippi*, the Siege *Perugia*, the *Sicilian* Sea-Fights, the *Parthian* Expedition, the final Contest at *Actium*, the Reduction of *Alexandria*, and the gradual Transformation of the Republic into a Monarchy, Is all sunk in a Gap ; and the Author, though it was no Part of his Plan, forges a Link or two of a *Period*, and fills up the Chasm with the Chain, or with himself ; for he was insensibly drawn in to fill up the Gap too. Beautiful beyond Expression ! He fills up the Chasm, in which the Accounts of these Transactions are sunk, with two Links of a Chain, of a *Period*, or with himself, in Order to retrieve it ; happily metaphorical ! Now I was dull enough to imagine, when I perceived him at his forging Work, that he intended making a Chain, by Means of which to have descended into this Gap, and lugged up all this grand Period of the *Roman* Story ;

Story ; but it seems he has discovered a new Way of bringing it forth by covering it in.

He continues : “ When this was done, it became a Point of *Choice*, either to *sacrifice* this historical *Period*, or add a Volume to the Work beyond the first Design,” and then adds, “ That the Nature of the Transactions, &c. seemed to bespeak the Subscribers Candor, and promise Forgiveness to the Writer, if he *undesignedly* doubled his own Labours.”

Happy and sublime as before, in *sacrificing a Period*, and in the *Point of Choice*, operating *undesignedly* on the Author ; that is, he has *chosen* to add a Volume *without* Design to *chuse*. Now, Gentlemen Critics, do not you believe that the Profits of his Subscription, more than the Nature of the Transactions, operated on Dr. *Blackwell* designedly to *double* his Labour, by writing *one* Part in three more than he intended ? And pray, is not *doubling* Labour, by writing *one* third of a Work, making three Halves of a Thing, which is another Instance of his great Ingenuity ? Having thus far given some few Specimens of Dr. *Blackwell*'s Ingenuity in writing, and your Skill in Criticism, by not remarking those Passages, permit me to pass on and enquire into the Foundation for his being stiled *Learned*, which, among many others, will exhibit an ample Proof of yours also.

I must therefore give you the original Fragment of *Polybius*, prefixed to his Book, his Translation, and another of my own to shew how remarkably his Learning and yours have been displayed in this Piece designedly placed there to shew *his* Knowledge of the *Greek*, and accidentally *your* Ignorance of it.

ΟΤΙ μὲν οὖν πᾶσι τοῖς ἑσσι ὑπόκειται φθορὰ καὶ μεταβολὴ ζῆδόν δ' προσδεῖ λόγῳ.— δυοῖν δὲ τρόπων ὄντων καθ' ἑς φεῖρεθαι πεφυκε πᾶν γένος πολιτείας, τοῦ μὲν ἔξοθεν, τοῦ δ' ἐν αὐτοῖς φεομένου, τὸ μὲν ἕκτος αἵματος ἔχειν συμβαίνει τὴν θεωρίαν. τὰ δ' ἐξ αὐτῶν τεταγμένην.

Blackwall.—That all human Things are subject to corruption and change, scarce needs any Proof; but of the two Ways in which *the Constitution* of a State *may be* overturned, external Force or inward Disorder, though the First hardly Admits of *any Rule of Judgment*, the Progress of the Last is fixt and regular.

That Corruption and Change are the Fate of all Things which exist, scarce needs to be mentioned; but of the two Ways by which every Kind of Government hath in it's Nature been to be subverted, by external Causes or those generated in itself; the First from the Variety which attends it admits of Speculation only, the Latter of positive Decision.

In the Translation of this Sentence the first Thing to be remarked is, that Dr. *Blackwell* is Ignorant of Grammar in the Greek Language. φθείρεται περὺ πάντων γένος πολιτείας. He has translated *the Constitution of a State may be overturned*, which signifies every Kind of Government hath in it's Nature been to be subverted, περὺ being the *præsens perfectum*, can signify Nothing but what is absolutely past, and not what *may be*, because for the same Reason it *may not* be also For the Truth of this consult Dr. *Clarke's* Note on ἀντιβίβην Quarto Edition of the Iliad, 11. p. 5.

Let us now see how well the Doctor comprehended the Sense of his Author. πάντων γένος πολιτείας, which he has translated a *Constitution*, signifies every Kind of Government. Nor is external Force the meaning of τοῦ μὲν ἑξωθεν; it is by external Causes. *Polybius* could not mean to assign one Cause such as Force for the sole external Way of subverting a State, because he has declared it ἄστατον from it's instability or uncertainty capable of a speculative Decision only, and he must know that superior Skill in a Statesman or a General, has frequently conquered in Opposition to greater Force. Alliances disadvantageously formed, have subverted States. Commerce more encouraged

encouraged in a rival Nation may prove the Subversion of a neighbouring State. Attention to other Interests, and Neglect of their own may effect the same Thing. Besides how came the *ingenious* Translator to say, that this admits of no Rule of Judgment, when Force being a single Object, a Judgment might as well be formed on that as on any other Thing; there would then be nothing but to consider the Force of a Nation, and infer it's Power, which would make this Way of subverting a State as little Speculative as the other; he must then have misunderstood τῷ μὲν ἔξοθεν, and probably θεωρίαν also. As to those Causes of Subversion generated in States, *Polybius* describes them, because they have been uniform; nor can he have intended to say, that *inward Disorder* was the Cause, because that was the Effect of those Causes, generated in a State which he describes immediately; much less would he have said, that the Progress of it is fixt. τεταγμένην is placed in Opposition to θεωρίαν, positive Decision against speculative Conclusion.

—ΟΤΑΝ πολλές καὶ μεγάλους κινδύνους διασωμένη πολιτεία, μετὰ ταυτὰ εἰς ὑπεροχὴν καὶ δυναστείαν ἀδύριτον ἀφίκεται, φανερόν ὡς εἰσοκιζομένης εἰς αὐτὴν ἐπὶ πολὺ τῆς ευδαιμονίας, συμβαίνει τῆς μὲν βίως γίνεσθαι πολυτελεστέρας τῆς δ' ἄνδρας φιλοεικοτέρους τῷ δέοντος, περὶ τι τὰς ἀρχάς, καὶ τὰς ἄλλας ἐπιβολάς.

Blackwell: For when a Nation has surmounted many and great Dangers, and consequently arrived at unrival'd Eminence and Power, it is plain, that amid continued Affluence, the general Way of living will grow more sumptuous, the Citizens more unruly, more imperious in Magistracies, and in all Sorts of public Management.

But when a State, after having prevailed against many and great Dangers, by Means of these, arrives at Eminence and settled Power, it is manifest, that as Ease and Happiness find Abodes therein, the Ways of living become more luxurious, and Men more fond of rivalling one another in the Necessaries

faries of Life, in Things relative to Power, and in all those Objects to which their Minds are much applied.

Here again, it is evident, the Translator has missed the Sense of the Author; certainly *Polybius* has not said, that when a Nation has surmounted great Dangers, that it is *consequently* arrived at *unrival'd* Power: Though the Empress-Queen has surmounted great Dangers in raising the Siege of *Prague*; is she therefore *consequently* without a Rival? Should the *French* be repulsed in an Invasion on this Island, and the Danger overcome that threatened us; I believe we should scarce think ourselves without a Rival. *Polybius* says, Eminence and settled Power. Again, he has been mistaken in the Sense of φιλονεικοτέρους τῷ δέοντος; it no more signifies unruly than it does *Scotch* Cloth: It plainly appears that τῷ δέοντος, the Necessaries of Life was not understood by him. In like Manner, περι τε τὰς ἀρχὰς and τὰς ἄλλας ἐπιβολὰς, have been equally uncomprehended, as may be seen in the Translation which is just before given of this Passage. It conveys these Ideas, that Ease begets Luxury, Luxury, Emulation in the Pursuit of Power, and in all Things to which the Minds of Men are much applied as Statues, Pictures, Books, Gems, Furniture, &c.

ὅν προβαίνοντων ἐπὶ πλέον, ἄρξει μὲν τῆς ἐπὶ τὸ χεῖρον μεταβολῆς ἢ ΦΙΛΑΡΧΙΑ, καὶ τὸ τῆς ἀδοξίας δέος* πρὸς δὲ ταῖς ἢ περι τούτων βίης ἀλαζονεία καὶ πολυτελεία.

Blackwell. Ambition therefore and Dread of Disgrace will first begin the Change to the worse, accompanied for the most Part with ostentatious Expence and Emulation in Magnificence.

Things proceeding in this Manner in general, the Love of Power, and the Appearance of living without *Eclat* will begin the Change of all Things for the worse; to these are added Ostentation and Magnificence in every Kind of Life.

It

* So I conjecture it should bewrit, instead of εἶδός. *Blackwell.*

It is hardly possible to conceive a more mistaken Translation than that of Doctor *Blackwell's*. *Ambition* and *Dread of Disgrace* begin the Subversion of a State. The two most animating Motives to doing well are, in his Opinion, the most productive of Evil. And yet, to common Apprehension, what Union can promise the Preservation of a State more probably than Ambition mixed with the Love of Honor. This is not only Ignorance of the Language but of Common Sense and Human Nature; and the Criticism of changing εἶδος for δεῖς is inimitably judicious, Sense for Nonsense. Besides ΦΙΛΑΡΧΙΑ, no more signifies Ambition in its precise Sense than it does Scratching. The Love of Power is one Species of Ambition and that of Scratching was another in a King of *Scotland*, whose Ambition wished to have deprived his People of that hereditary Blessing. The Meaning of *Polybius* is that the Love of Power in the Great and the living without Eclat in those who are not rich incite the former to get more Power and rule their Equals, and the latter to get rid of their abject State and equal their Superiors: which are amongst the internal Causes that begin the Subversion of a State.

λήψεται δὲ τὴν ἐπιγραφὴν τῆς μεταβολῆς ὁ ΔΗΜΟΣ, ὅταν ὑφ' ὧν μὲν ἀδικεῖται δόξῃ διὰ τὴν πλεονεξίαν, ὑφ' ὧν δὲ χαυνωθῇ κολακούμενος διὰ τὴν φιλαρχίαν. τότε γὰρ ἐξοργίθεις, καὶ θυμῷ πάντα βεβλημένος, ἔκ ἐτι θελήσει πειθαρχεῖν, ἔδ' ἵτον ἔχειν τοῖς προῖσιν, ἀλλὰ πᾶν, καὶ τὸ πλεῖστον αὐτὸς.

Blackwell. But it is the Body of the People that give the final Blow, and compleat their own Ruin: For when they imagine themselves oppressed by the Avarice of their Rulers on one Hand, and are flattered and inflamed by interested and ambitious Leaders on the other. They then consult nothing but their Passion, throw off all Regard to Authority, will

faries of Life, in Things relative to Power, and in all those Objects to which their Minds are much applied.

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no longer endure their Magistrates, but take all, even the most material Parts of Power, into their own Hands.

But the People will perceive the first Mark of this Change; when, seeing themselves unjustly treated by the inextinguishable Desire of engrossing, and flattered by those who are in Love with Power, they think highly of themselves. At this Time every tumultuous Passion being let loose, disposing all Things according to their own Opinions. They will no longer yield Obedience to their Magistrates, nor allow an Equal amongst their Superiors, but they alone will be all and every Thing in Excess.

Can there be a more mistaken Translation, than in the first Part of this Sentence, where Dr. *Blackwell* translates ἐπιγραφὴν *final Blow*, which signifies *first Mark*: Thus he makes that the End which *Polybius* hath described as the Beginning. The remaining Part of this Passage, though inaccurate, bald, and void of the Spirit and Precision of the Original, and open to many Objections, shall be passed by without Notice.

ὃ γενομένου τῶν μὲν ὀνομάτων τὸ κάλλιστον ἡ πολιτεία μεταλήψεται, τὴν Ἐλευθερίαν καὶ Δημοκρατίαν. τῶν δὲ πραγμάτων τὸ χειρίστον, τὴν ΟΧΛΟΚΡΑΤΙΑΝ.

Blackwell. The Government then assumes the prettiest of all Names, Liberty and popular Sway; but becomes in Effect the worst of all Things, a Mob-ruled Nation.

Matters being thus far advanced, the Government adopts the most honourable of all Names, Liberty and Democracy, and of all Things the worst, the lawless Power of the Populace.

Thus far Doctor *Blackwell* and you have proceeded Hand in Hand in Mistakes. However, your Critical Knowledge in *Greek* now makes its first Appearance on two Words: You tell us, “ Dr. *Blackwell* knew perfectly well that the *Greek* Word κάλος does
“ not

“ not only mean, pretty, handsome, or beautiful, but almost every Thing that is great or good.” Now give me leave to observe, that neither you nor Dr. *Blackwell* can know that καλός signifies pretty. though it sometimes means beautiful. Would you translate καλή και εὐεῖδη γυνή a pretty well shaped Woman, which the *Latins* have rendered by *Pulchritudine eximia fœmina*, and καλὸς ἐστὶν ὁδεὶ ὁ κόσμος *Pulcher est hic Mundus*, by, this is a pretty World? καλός signifies *decens, decorus, laudabilis, honestus*, as well as *Pulcher*, and, in this Place, that which the *French* render by *le plus bonête*. Nor can it mean *specious*, if you please, because it signifies the Height of Perfection in Places where it is applied. Indeed you have discovered the false Translation in one Word, ΟΧΛΟΚΡΑΤΙΑΝ; it is not the Mob-ruled Nation, but the Mob-ruling Power, as you say; wherefore, as it would be a Sin to rob you of your Mite, the only Word by which you have given any Proof of your understanding, through this List of Mistakes, shall be carried to your Account of Knowledge in the *Greek Language*.

— μεθίσταται δ' εἰς βίαν καὶ χειροκρατίαν ἢ ΔΗΜΟΚΡΑΤΙΑ
 — καὶ τότε (τό πλῆθος) συναθροίζομενον ποιεῖ σφαγὰς, φυγὰς, γῆς ἀναδασμούς, εἰς ἃν ἀποτεθηριομένον παλιν εὖρη ΔΕΣΠΟΤΗΝ καὶ ΜΟΝΑΡΧΟΝ.

Blackwell, For the Democracy or Power of the People quickly turns to open Violence, then the assembled multitude banishes one great Man, murders another, confiscates Estates, makes Divisions of public Lands, until like a wild Beast, exasperated with its own Cruelties, it finally submit to a Master and absolute Lord.

Then the Democracy becomes transformed into Violence and the Power of Numbers, when the Multitude thronging together, assassinate some, forces others to fly, and makes a general Division of the Lands amongst themselves; till, raging like wild Beasts, they again find a despotic Master.

In this Passage the Translator has taken no Notice of *χειροποιαν*, the Power of Hands, the most significant Word of the whole, and *συναθροισόμενον* is rendered *assembled*: Apt Expression for a tumultuous Populace, in the Act of subverting a State. The very Sound of this Word would have told any Ear but Dr. *Blackwell's*, yours, and the deaf Adder's, that it could not mean *assembled*. What an Idea of Coolness, in the midst of Tumult, Slaughter, and Destruction. The assembled Multitude of *Scotch* Divines, meekly met in the Name of King *Jesus*, one might think.

Thus, Gentlemen, I have given some *Specimens* of Dr. *Blackwell's* and your Ingenuity and Learning. Now pray tell me which you chuse to have imputed to your Charge, Ignorance or Partiality? “ You have told us you have no Con-
“ nections to warp your Integrity, nor Prejudices to influ-
“ ence your Judgment;” then this Neglect of Criticising, this Translation of *Polybius* must be share Ignorance in you. but you have told us also, that “ You will not venture to cri-
“ ticise a Translation without understanding the Original.” Then this Omission must have been the most Absurd of all national Partialities. Take which you please: Either your Under-standings or your Hearts must suffer. Or perhaps you have caricatured your Excellencies, lest their Features might not have been striking enough to have drawn Attention without it.

Pray, Gentlemen, after this Sample of his Skill in Translation, do you imagine, to speak in the Doctor's Words, “ It will be acceptable to the Reader to be
“ assured, that every Fact, without Exception, delivered in
“ these Memoirs, is taken immediately from the original
“ Authors?” Would not he have done better in Imitation of your Hero to have translated from Translations already made.

After having taken Notice of the unnatural Mixture of ostentatious Learning entirely foreign to the Subject, you say,
“ Our

“ Our Author’s Language is for the most Part pretty Good,
 “ though in many places we cannot help thinking it very
 “ faulty.” It would be amazing if you could indeed. For
 certainly in no Book written by any Man who pretends to
 learning, are there to be found so many absolute Ignorances
 of Grammar and Sense of Words. But your Apology for this
 is admirable, “ Which we suppose is partly owing to his fa-
 “ miliar Acquaintance, not only with the Ancient, but per-
 “ haps all the modern Languages, which a Man of Curiosity
 “ and Taste would chuse to study.” Thus according to
 you, Gentlemen, this learned Doctor has studied *Greek* and
Latin ’till he has forgotten *English*. Now really, profess Crit-
 ics as you are, I must differ with you in Opinion: And
 I am apt to believe because he did not understand *English*,
 he knew no learned Language. At least I think he has gi-
 ven ample Proof that he did not understand *Greek*: But,
 “ you continue, as the Faults of a favourite Author are
 “ too apt to be copied” (he must be your Favourite,
 he is not of any *Englishman* of Learning I am sure) “ You
 “ think it your Duty to take Notice of some of the most
 “ glaring Instances of irregular Language that appear
 “ in the Work.” Now do you imagine those Faults would
 have been copied without this Kindness in you? And let
 me ask you if your whole Pamphlet would have contained
 the Ignorances in Grammar to be found in the Volume
 you are examining.

What Partiality, what softening Apology, in “ Knowledge of
 “ ancient Languages being the Parent of Ignorance in *English*,
 “ a favourite Author, irregular Language, hardly allowable in
 “ correct Writing to mix the ancient and modern Names of
 “ Places and Men,” and many others; because the Ignorance
 in this Book was of *Scotch* Growth: What a different Tone
 we should have found: What Conspurations of Pun and
 Witticism we should have seen, had the Author been *En-
 glish* or *Irish*. You tell us also he translates the Names

of Men in *Greek* or *Latin* into *English*. “As you don’t know what *Greek* Name into *Crofbow*,” pray Gentlemen, if you do not know what the Name is, how are you sure it is *Greek*? This may be a Proof of his Learning, but sure it cannot be of yours, who confess yourselves Critics of what you do not understand. “In Names of Places he translates *Philipolis* by *Philipsbury*, which,” you say, “If he would *modernize*, should rather be *Philipsburgh*,” by which I suppose you mean *Germanize* one Way of *Modernizing* indeed. *Bury* and not *Burgh* is the true *English* Termination as *Salisbury*, *Edmonsbury*, *Shaftsbury*, and Numbers of others: Unless you think the Excellencies of *Edinburgh* are sufficient to impart a Termination to every new coined Name of a Town. In this Place as well as in a Multiplicity of others you would do well to derive a Character of Learning from your Ignorance of *English*. Indeed you have given Instances enough of Doctor *Blackwell*’s Ignorance in our Language according to your Manner of Arguing, to fix him the first Scholar in *Europe*, and Instances of your own sufficient to place you in immediate Succession under him. Thus, Gentlemen, you see my Impartiality has candidly turned your own Argument in Favour of your Learning, which I hope I shall ever have Resolution enough to do on such Occasions, and you have free Liberty now he is dead to style yourselves *familiarly* acquainted with the ancient Languages, and *deeply* learned on the same Score of *not* understanding *English*, for any Thing I shall hereafter object to the Contrary.

The innumerable Errors in Grammar must be past by with a View to give a Sample of Mistakes in other Parts of this Work, which you have either not discovered or do not chuse to remark: The first Thing which offers itself as an illustrious Instance of Doctor *Blackwell*’s Ingenuity is.

“When *Themistocles* persuaded his fellow Citizens to abandon their stately Town to the Fury of the *Persians*,” and
 “betake

" betake themselves to their Ships, the *Athenian* Republic was
 " undoubtedly in their Fleet." Now the Passage from *Plutarch*
 which he has quoted in a Note, says no such Thing.
 However to give him the Merit of this Discovery, let us see
 the Reason which he has assigned for it. " There is no Soil
 " so sacred, or Structure of such Virtue, as to constitute a
 " State. That Consists of a *Society of Men* living together
 " under certain Regulations, and performing to one another
 " the mutual Duties prescribed by their Laws." As if any
 Man could be so egregiously Mistaken to conceive that a City
 built all in the *Corinthian* Order, and on consecrated Ground,
 could make a Republic without People to inhabit it : Or that
 Houses and Soil had any thing to do with the Nature of the
 Government. Is it not as acute as saying, that notwithstanding
St. Paul's Church is the finest Piece of Architecture in
London, and the Ground holy on which it stands, yet when
 it is empty it has no Congregation in it? The next Infer-
 ence also is admirable. " The *Roman Republic* therefore after
 " the horrible Proscription was no more at bleeding *Rome*."
 That is because when *Athens* was deserted, their Republic was
 gone ; therefore when the Proscription was accomplished, the
Roman was gone also : What Affinity between these two Cir-
 cumstances, unless every *Roman* was murdered, and none re-
 mained.

We shall now give an Instance of the Author's exquisite
 Skill in delivering a Story, p. 3. " But a little before the
 " News of this public Ruin could reach *M. Brutus*, his Pa-
 " tience was put to the *highest* Trial by a *private* Calamity.
 " He had been married early in Life" (a great Calamity in-
 deed) " to *Clodia*. Daughter to *Appius Claudius Pulcher*, and
 " Neice of the flagitious Tribune, and" (strange to tell) " *Cn.*
 " *Pompey's* eldest Son, by marrying her youngest Sister, had
 " become his Brother-in-Law ; but whether the Manners of
 " the Family, to which he was then allied, did not please him,
 " or whether he had Reason to be dissatisfied with the *Lady's*
 " Behaviour

“ Behaviour during his Absence ; it is certain that soon af-
 “ ter his Return from the nearer *Gaul*, he entertained Thoughts
 “ of a Separation. This raised a *good Deal of Talk*, while it
 “ continued in Suspence, and the Women of the *Clodian* Fa-
 “ mily, as might be expected on such Occasions, did not fail
 “ to inveigh bitterly against *Brutus* ; but his Cousin *German*
 “ the famous *Portia*, becoming about this Time a young
 “ Widow” (but how ?) “ by the Death of her Husband, his
 “ doubts were quickly determined, and according to the
 “ Manners of those Times he divorced *Clodia*, to marry his
 “ Uncle’s Daughter.”

What an admirable Style for *Roman* Memoirs is this namby
 pamby Account of *Ladies*, and a *good deal of Talk*, and in
 what a dreadful Calamity poor *Brutus* must be involved,
 from the Clamour of a few female Tongues, which he ex-
 pected also. A Philosopher and Patriot put to the *highest*
 Tryal to get rid of a Wife he did not like, to possess one
 he loved, whilst the Liberty of his Country was subverting,
 and all this according to the Custom of the Times too, a
 Situation to be commiserated by all good Christians.

Next follows a Description equally Excellent of *Portia’s*
 Love, and great Talents ; so high Flown and Romantic, becom-
 ing nothing but the Memoirs of a Coxcomb ; after which he
 adds, “ She was in the Bloom of Youth” (after a second
 Marriage) “ when that Hero formed the bold Resolution
 “ of delivering his enslaved Country, and soon perceived
 “ as what escapes the Eye of Love” (a new remark) “ he
 “ was big with some deep Design” (big with Deepness)
 “ and agitated with Fits of *recurring Anxiety*” (excellent
 Epithet for Fits.) But now mind the Quintessence of all.
 “ As *Brutus* used to *hide* nothing from her, she did him
 “ *Justice*, and concluded *herself unfit* to be trusted with
 “ the *mighty Secret*.” Strange Conclusion, that because she
 had till then been intrusted with every Thing, she was now
 of a sudden fit to be trusted no longer, especially as she
 had

had never blabed ; “ But instead of peevish Complaints, a
 “ superior Spirit (a true *Scotch* Parson would have called it
 the Devil) “ prompted her to make a dangerous Experi-
 “ ment of her own Strength : She called for a Barber’s
 “ Knife” (a Razor probably) “ as if to pair her Nails” (a
 cunning Baggage) “ and putting all her Women out of
 “ the Room” (cunning again) “ gave herself a great Cut in
 “ the Thigh.”

Now why should this Woman, who had concluded that
 her Husband in *Justice* ought not to have revealed the Se-
 cret, grow so outrageously offended, and take Vengeance
 upon her poor Backside ? Which you must allow Gentlemen
 Critics could not have been an Accomplice in the Affair.
 Is not this an excellent Account of *Brutus* and *Portia* ?

In Fact, the Resentment of her Husband’s Silence arose
 from a conscious Power of keeping Secrets, and the Sting of
 being in Appearance distrusted of the contrary from this anxious
 Secresy of *Brutus*, who had never before concealed any
 Thing from her, created the Idea of her being fallen in his
 Opinion, and touched her Soul.

‘ However, at length, being in Pain, she desired to be left
 ‘ with her Husband, who was in *Agonies* of Grief, when all
 ‘ were retired, with a settled Countenance, though in the
 ‘ Height of Anguish, “ *Brutus*, (said she) when I became
 “ your Wife, it was not only to be the Partner of your
 “ Table and Bed, but the Sharer of your Fortunes and
 “ Companion of the Cares of your Life. You *dearly* dis-
 “ charge your Duty to me ; but how can I perform my Part, if
 “ I may neither partake in your secret Sorrows, nor be en-
 “ trusted with your grand Designs ?” Was there ever such
 palpable Contradiction ? She married to be his Companion in
 the Cares of Life, he *dearly* discharged, by which I suppose he
 means *tenderly*, his Duty to her ; and yet the next Line but
 one, she complains he did not entrust her with his Designs.
 She goes on : “ I know the Imputation which lies on my
 “ Sex,

“ Sex, with Regard to Secrecy ; but some Allowance should
 “ be made to the Power of *good Education*, and *keeping the*
 “ *best Company* ; besides which, I have the Honor to be
 “ *Cato's Daughter* and your Wife ; yet I laid no Strefs upon
 “ these, till I put myself to a Trial ; and now (thank Hea-
 “ ven) I find that I am above bodily Pain, and can bear
 “ Torture without complaining.”

Gentlemen, do you think such a Speech was ever put into the Mouth of a *Roman Matron* before ? A good Education, kept the best Company, had the Honor of being *Cato's Daughter* and *Brutus's Wife* ; was bred at *Hackney Boarding-School*, danced at my Lord Mayor's Ball, had the Honor of being Daughter to Sir *Toby Guttle*, Knight, Tobaccoist, and Alderman, and Wife to Sir *Humphrey Gripe*, Knight, Tallow - Chandler, and Sheriff : And then she put herself to Pain, to try whether she could keep from *complaining*. Lame and impotent Conclusion ! It was to try whether she could keep a Secret, even though it should be attempted to be forced from her by Torture. He continues so saying, “ She uncovered the Wound, and told him what she had done.” The astonished *Brutus* held up his Hands (as well he might at the Sight of such a Cut in her Backside) “ and earnestly prayed the Gods would make him so happy “ as to accomplish his *grand Purpose*, that he might appear “ worthy to be the Husband to such a Woman.” A Woman as you have described her, who did her Husband justice, and concluded herself not fit to be trusted with a Secret ; and yet contrary to her own Conclusion wounded herself, because she thought she ought to have known it.

He then says, “ His Prayer was granted, he killed the Tyrant, and put it in the Power of the *Romans* to resume their “ Liberty, and continue a free People.” Certainly this was never the Prayer of *Brutus*, if he made any it must be to set his Country free : Not to *kill* the Tyrant, and put it in their *Power* to be free, and consequently his Prayer was not granted.

In

In this Manner the Account is, through the Whole, equally ridiculous. The Affectation about the Picture of *Andromache*, calling *Julius*, this *Gentleman*, the Anxiety of *Portia*, whilst *Brutus* was at the Senate-House, to cut off the Tyrant, starting at every Noise, and questioning every one who came; sending Message after Message to the Forum, so contradictory to the Firmness of Character, which he would before have established; with her fainting away in her *Dining-Room* in Company, and the *Neighbours* coming running into the House, and the *dismal* Whisper running thro' the Crowd to *Brutus*, are all such ridiculous Circumstances, that 'tis difficult to believe any Thing can have equalled them. However she recovers, and the next Paragraph begins "She was almost in the same, but a much more lingering Perplexity." She was almost *twice* in the *same* Condition, which still was different too, because it was a more lingering Perplexity. I presume he means *like* Condition. One Cause of this Perplexity was, *Brutus* was beyond Sea, that indeed she might not chuse. The Second obnoxious to the Blows of Fourtune. To this he would have been at Home, I humbly presume also. And Risques of a merciless War, which could be no extraordinary Circumstance to a Woman, Wife of one of the Patrician-Order, whose great Ambition was to be the Consort of a Consul, the General of the *Roman* Armies. All these Circumstances are common to all Wars; whereas this was distinguished by *Roman* against *Roman*, which the Author has not observed. Thus, this resolute *Portia*, at last in the Pages of this unparalleled Writer, turns out a mere frail Piece of Woman, and what is very remarkable, he chuses to let her die in this tame Way, tho' *Valerius Maximus*, and *Nicholaus*, agree she finished her Life by swallowing live Coals, and assigns his Reason for it in a Note, because he *is apt to think* it was confounded with the Fate of *Servilia*. Wherefore as he *is apt to think* absurdly, I fancy he has done the like in this Place; and I conclude *Valerius Maximus* and the *Greek* Philosopher right,

H

especially

especially as it coincides with the real Character of *Portia*; and certainly it may as well suit her as *Servilia*. However after her Death “ it was a hard Circumstance in this Sorrow, “ that *Brutus* must not shew the least Dejection, nor appear “ unbecoming a General and Patriot.” And why was this Circumstance so hard? “ The Eyes of all the Empire being upon him, did not permit him a Mark of Frailty, nor “ allow him leisure for indulging Grief.” Where is the Hardship in not being permitted to be Frail, and not having leisure to indulge that Frailty? Most People would think this a Happiness.

Then follows the News of the horrid Tragedy acted by the Triumvirs, “ he deplored the Fate of his Countrymen, “ and detested the unworthy Instruments, but his *high impatient* Spirit made him think it was *partly deserved*, because “ they had lost the noble Sense of Liberty.” Thus he lamented his Countrymen who had received their Deserts, and a *high impatient* Spirit made him think it so, because they had lost the Sense of Liberty. What have the Epithets of *high and impatient* to do here? It was his contemptuous Opinion of those who had supinely suffered their Country to be undone, which made him think their Fate just.

Consistency of Character is the evident Excellence of this Writer, and therefore the *high and impatient* becomes, twenty Lines lower, the *mild Brutus*, in which *mild* Forms as good an Epithet as the Two above, it should be Philosophic in the Sense we use it, and then the wonderfully new Remark, “ Per- “ verse Natures are not to be won.”

Remarks would be endless of Errors, which arise from the Want of human Faculties in this Author, in assigning wrong Motives, and drawing absurd Inferences.

The Account of *Brutus* his meeting *Polemocratia*, Queen of the *Sapeans*, and her giving her Son into his Possession is admirable also.

“ *Brutus*

“ *Brutus* received the Princess with his usual Humanity,
 “ and having found a surprizing Quantity of Bullion in the
 “ royal Coffers, he ordered it to be coined for his own Use, and
 “ sent the Child to the Care of *Apuleius* ;” that is, he robbed
 the Mother, and sent the Child to a Boarding-School : And
 (Page 29) talking of the plundering of Temples, he says,
 “ Among these, they had pillaged the Oracle of *Apollo* at
 “ *Clarus*, and that of the same Twin-God at *Branchide*” Thus
 the same God was his own Twin-Brother

He tells us, the Deserters were cruelly disappointed, by
Brutus's Humanity, in saving the Life of *Gaius*; and trans-
 lates *Questor* into Paymaster, Secretary of War, and Com-
 missary-General ; and *Præfectus Fabrum* into Master of Ar-
 tillery ; divides the City of *Smyrna* into *Higher* and *Lower*
Town : In like Manner, *πολιορκητης* is translated Town-
 Taker, and, in the *Rhodian Combat*, he says, “ But when
 “ caught with the Grappling-Iron fixed along-side :” What
 compound Words ! “ Killer and Chastiser of your lawless
 “ Lord.

“ He took, sunk, and burnt fifteen Hundred Ships of the
 “ Line, and transplanted Pyrates. Keen and happy Spirits,
 “ that ply to every Thing. Heart-Friend to the Republic.
 “ Motherlands of Augury.” Then, speaking of *Deiotarus*,
 &c. “ The cruel Attempt upon his Life was a Wound, that
 “ continued to gnaw his Breast ’till the News reached him
 “ that the Tyrant was killed, then the pent up Flame broke
 “ forth.” The Wound transformed into Fire. “ The Bite
 “ of an old Lion is dreadful.” Particularly after he has lost
 his Teeth. “ At the Brink of the impassable Moat, which
 “ was filled up in a few Days. Setting about carrying Wood
 “ with racing. They warped themselves up by the Rope.
 “ Of the many Thousand that inhabited the Capital of *Lycia*,
 “ about a Hundred and Fifty poor People, who had no body to
 “ put them to Death.” They must be poor indeed, who
 could not put one another to Death. “ The Ladies had not
 H 2 “ failed

“ failed to tell their Friends *what Kind of Man Brutus was,*
 “ New dubbed Citizens, Cantons of the Lycian-League. The
 “ Mildness of the Soil made, *Asia Minor*, the grand Tour of
 “ Pleasure.” Here the *learned* Author seems not to understand
French any more than *Greek* and *English*. Can it be said *Bath*
 is the Tour of Pleasure. *Italy*, the Tour of Antiquities.
France, the Tour of Politeness. *Germany*, the Tour of Bru-
 tality. And then Mr. *Peliffon*’s Story, in which he has tran-
 slated *en le lisant*, when repeated, instead of *in reading* it.
Sans me donner envie de rire, without laughing, instead of,
 without giving me an Inclination to laugh. This notable
Junto. These without counting grammatical Errors, make
 Part of the Absurdities of 53 Pages, out of 456.

Now, Gentlemen Critics, to what Cause shall I impute
 this Behaviour to your Countryman. Is it from your Aim to
 befriend Merit? Have you no Connexions to warp your In-
 tegrity, no Prejudices to influence your Judgment? Will
 you not exhibit a partial Assemblage of Blemishes? Nor
 criticise a Translation without understanding the Original?
 If you will not do these Things, you are certainly the most in-
 human Set of Gentlemen that ever pretended to be Enemies to
 Dulness; and must if we are to believe you, in Consequence
 of that Enmity, be very dangerous Companions to one ano-
 ther.

To dignify such a Writer as this I have been examining,
 with the Title of learned and ingenious, after having read
 such a Work from his Hands, is unexampled but in *Scotchmen*
 to *Scotchmen*; however, it must be owned, this Author had
 once some Reputation in the World; and many People have
 thought it difficult to reconcile, how a Man who wrote good
English and good Sense in the *Essay on the Life of Homer*,
 twenty Years since, should be ignorant of both in the
Memoirs of the Court of Augustus, till you explained his Want
 of *English* to rise from the Study of other Languages. His
 Want of Understanding I shall endeavour to account for. Be
 it

it known, Gentlemen, that when this Author had written the Life of *Homer*, he travelled from *Aberdeen* to *London*, with the Manuscript Copy in his Pocket; at which Place being arrived, he was recommended to the Acquaintance of Dr. *Barker*, an *Englishman* of much Learning, and of a Turn of Temper to communicate what he knew to all who desired to be instructed. To this Gentleman Dr. *Blackwell* committed the Life of *Homer*; and from his Care in adding Arguments, where they were deficient, affigning natural Motives in the Place of unnatural, converting Nonsense to Sense, false Figures to true, false *English* to Grammar, false Epithets to just, and drawing probable Inferences in the Place of absurd, it came forth to the Public, with Reputation to the Name of *Blackwell*, though its Merit was due to the Skill of *Barker*.

One Thing puzzles me a good deal; it is your Pretension to *Greek*: I wonder the Rebuff which your Hero received, about his Ignorance of that Language, in the first Edition of that Book of Midwifery, which he wrote and *Smellie* father'd, had not cured him of farther Pretensions. Dr. *Burton*, amidst a Multiplicity of other Blunders which he discovered in that Performance, has said, "The seventeenth Author, collected (as you tell us) "by *Spachius*, is *Lithopedus senonensis*, which, "instead of an Author, is only a Drawing of a petrified "Child; and this is evident from the Title, *Lithopædii senonensis Icon*, which, with the Explanation is contained "in one single Page only."

Must not he be an admirable *Grecian*, who knew not that *Lithopædii Icon* were *Greek* Derivatives, which signify the Pourtrait of a petrified Child. Such a Correction, one would have imagined, ought to have made him kiss the Rod, and modestly decline all future Attempts to criticise *Greek*.

The next Work which comes under your Critical Enquiry is *A Series of Dissertations on some elegant and very valuable Anglo-Saxon Remains*.

This,

This, Gentlemen, you endeavour first to turn into Ridicule, by condemning the Subject, a Kind of Criticism you have frequently exerted : Now, whilst such Parts of Learning are in Vogue, it is your Business to examine them as Critics, and not to condemn them as Censors ; to mark the Excellence or Defects, and not to ridicule without Reason : Mr. Pegge, the Author also is charged with “ New coining “ Words,” with some Harshness at first, and then apologized for, by “ Not pretending, as others have, to improve the “ *English* Language, while, perhaps, they *stiffen* it with “ *Latin*, or *inervate* it with *French* Words and Phrases.” Remarks by no Means just ; because the *Latin* Language can as well soften as stiffen, as you see in the *Italian*, derived from it, and the *French* can in many Instances impart Strength, as well as *inervate*, which last Words of yours, Gentlemen, is scarce *English*, should it not be *enervate* ; but Mr. Pegge is an *Englishman*, in whom, according to your Candor and Impartiality every slight Fault is to be laid open, as the greatest are designed to be concealed or palliated in *Scotch* Authors.

Medical Essays on Antimony, by Dr. HUXHAM.

You begin “ The Doctor in the Beginning of this Treatise “ gives a very necessary Caution against the rash Use of Antimonials, and judiciously Observes.” After which Observation being copied, you say again, by Way of Criticism “ His “ Observations on some of the common antimonial Preparations are very Ingenious and Useful, and upon the Whole “ it appears, that the Preparations are more or less Active, “ according as the Proportion of the Sulphur to the reguline “ Part is diminished, or encreased.” Now, Gentlemen Critics, can any Man know by this last Expression, whether antimonial Preparations are Active in Proportion to the *greater* or *lesser* Quantity of Sulphur or Regulus which they contain,
or

or which is the most active Part. This then shews you are as bad Chemists as Critics, and envelope your Ignorance in *Ambiguity* in this Instance, as you try to evade that Taxation in others by a poultry Joke, or barefaced Malevolence.

Now as you all pretend to be *Doctors* in Physic as well as Critics, don't you imagine it is expected you should have said something more like medical Knowledge than this. Ought you not to have distinguished the reguline Parts as the most Active; and when you say " Doctor *Huxham*, prefers the "*Vinum Antimoniale* to any other Preparation of Antimony " made with the Glass, Regulus, or Crocus of Antimony, " and thinks that made with the Glass or Regulus the best." Had not you a fair Opportunity to explain the Reason for preferring the latter, and would not you have done it had you understood the least chymical Part of your Profession of Physic? You might have said, that the Glass was preferable to the other two, because Antimony in going through the strongest Fire is deprived of it's Sulphur; and the metalline Parts continue the same under the Appearance of Glass as before, and therefore in Infusion impart to the Wine those Parts alone. For the same Reason the Regulus is next to be preferred, because it is more deprived of it's Sulphur than the Crocus; whereas the Crocus made by means of Nitre which is converted into a fixed Alkali in the firing retains the Sulphur, and by Means of this Change of the Salt communicates the sulphurine Parts chiefly to the Menstruum, and renders it less Active, and more uncertain than either of the other Infusions. Would not this Observation, or something better have fallen from Gentlemen, who are at the same Time Critics, and Practitioners in Physic, had they understood what they were examining? You then close the Whole with another Quotation. Thus your Criticisms consist in telling us what the Authors themselves have already said, or in some small Squib of sarcastic Witicism, which latter probably Doctor *Huxham* would have received being an *Englishman*, had not he been

a Member of the College of *Edinburgh*, and which I am sure he would prefer to such Criticism as yours; because praising without assigning Reasons, imparts to every Piece the Idea of Want of Merit to support what is said, and thus the Ignorance of the Critic depreciates in many Opinions the real Worth of a learned and meritorious Production.

Your next Object of critical Examination, is, The *Apprentice*, a *Farce*, in two Acts, by Mr. MURPHY.

In this you display to the full as much Knowledge in Mankind and the Theatre, as you have already in Grammar, Sense, Piety, Candour, Chemistry, Greek, and the Love of Truth. Your first Assertion is, “ that the Apprentice “ would hardly have emerged from his native Obscurity, by “ the intrinsic Merit of the Piece.” And why pray? Of that you never think fit to acquaint your Readers. Then after relating the Design of the Author you say, “ This may “ be a laudable Undertaking, and even a conscientious Act “ of Duty in Mr. *Murphy*, who is said to have been once a “ Member of that venerable Fraternity; but as this *Character* or *Disposition* is limited to a petty *Beer-house*, in one of “ the Avenues of *Covent-Garden*, the *Moral* of the Piece cannot be very extensive, nor the *Humour* (if it contains any) “ be generally understood.”

If Mr. *Murphy*, has written this Piece from the Motives of Conscience, he is certainly to be commended; which cannot well be said in Favour of your Criticism. You say, this *Character* or *Disposition* is limited to a petty *Beer-house*. What *Character* or *Disposition*? Mr. *Murphy*’s. No, he was never limited to such Places, nor such Company, his *Character* makes no Part of the Piece. Is it *Dick*’s then? That cannot be either, he is an Apothecary’s Apprentice. But this is not all, it seems the very *Disposition* to spouting Tragedy and Comedy, is confined to this *Beer-house*. This then is either Ignorance or wilful Misrepresentation; because you

know

know the Scene is various. The next Remark is equally as Good, " The *Moral* of the Piece cannot be very *Extensive*, " nor the *Humour* be generally *understood*, because the Scene " is an Ale-house.

This is a most surprizing Inference indeed, most of the Plays of the *Greek*, *Latin*, and *French*, tragic and comic Writers, are confined to one Scene, is the Moral and the Humour therefore circumscribed? Have any Critics before you arose, delivered any Thing so absurd. The Extensiveness of the Moral does not depend on the Limits of the Scene, but on the Greatness of that Evil which it attempts to correct, and on the Influence which it is likely to effect. Had the Scene of *Othello* been in a Saw-pit, the Moral would have been as Extensive as it is now, it is removed from *Venice* to *Candia*. In like Manner the Moral of the *Apprentice* is useful, according to the Influence it has in effacing that Species of theatrical Folly, which it is meant to correct, and not according to the Limits of the Scene. Otherwise in Consequence of this Conclusion of yours in Limitation, you Gentlemen Critics, may aver that you did not Travel long Journies from *Scotland* into *England*, because your Feet were then first *limited* to a Pair of Shoes; or because a Hat of nine or ten Inches diameter, *limits* the very best Head amongst you, that therefore it contains very little; and pray are the Scenes which pass in the History of *Joseph Andrews* of little Humour, and not to be understood, because many of the best happen in little Ale-houses? To prove your Consistency, you then give the Story of the Farce, and prove that the Scene is not in an Ale-house, but in Variety of Places, and present us with your Simile of *Dick* to a Fitch of Bacon, because sent up from *Bristol* to *London* in a Waggon. Pray would not this Comparison be improved, by comparing him to a *Scotch Doctor*, sent up from *Edinburgh*, consigned to his Patron in *London*; for certainly a *Scotch Doctor* is more like an *English Apothecary's Apprentice*, than a Fitch of Bacon;

and the Particulars of Conſignment, and the Waggon are equally the ſame, I mean of thoſe who are born of great Families, and travel like Gentlemen. Others indeed are ſhipped from *Borroſſonneſs* and *Leith*, four to the Ton, like Lumber for a *London* Market, or Meaſure that Length like *Roderick Random*, upon their Feet, ſometimes indulging themſelves with the reputable Conveyance of a Waggon.

In giving the Story of this Farce, you ſay, an *Iriſhman* and a *Scot*, who mouthe theatrical Speeches with ſuch Noiſe and Confuſion as *alarms* the Watch. A ſmall Touch of falſe Grammar, when having finiſhed your Account, you ſay, “ The Reader will judge how far the Author has adhered
“ to Probability in making ſuch a Lad as the *Apprentice* ſuf-
“ fer himſelf to be tamely cooped up in a Waggon, talk to an
“ incenſed Father of *Wingate*’s Character in ſuch a Stile upon
“ ſuch an Occaſion, enter his Maſter’s Houſe by a Ladder,
“ when the Door was open for his Admiſſion, divert him-
“ ſelf and *Charlotte*, by repeating Plays in a ſpunging Houſe,
“ though Deſtitute of Subſiſtence, and threatened with be-
“ ing ſent to *Newgate*; and laſtly, reform all of a ſudden.
“ For what? Be cauſe he was to be rewarded with the Poſ-
“ ſeſſion of *Charlotte*, who had already followed him to a
“ Goal, and ſeemed to admire him for that very Extrava-
“ gance, which he now promiſes to lay aſide.”

Now, Gentlemen Critics, the very Objections you have drawn as ſo many Improbabilities in the Conduct of the *Apprentice*, in my Way of Thinking make the great Merit of the Piece and *Vrai-ſemblance* of the Character. And though your bare Aſſertion may be ſufficient to decide the Contrary in your own Opinion, I ſhall attempt to give ſome Reaſons for my differing from you, and leave the Deciſion to our Readers.

In every dramatic Performance, the Deſign of the Author in the Characters of the Perſons is to be conſidered, particularly as they differ from one another, and not in the general
Similitude

Similitude which runs through all human Kind, and from the Variety and ruling Passions, what is, and what is not Natural are to be inferred. It is natural for a Miser to pick up a Pin, and a Spendthrift to contemn Money. Whoever should invert this Method, because these Actions proceed from the same Origin, though differently exerted, would be most egregiously mistaken. *Avarice* is the *Love* of getting and saving in every Shape, and *Extravagance* the *Love* of Profusion. The Passion is the same in both, exerted on different Objects in each, and therefore to exhibit these Characters, the individual Difference in each must be preserved to form Consistency and Nature. The Love of theatrical Entertainments in the *Apprentice*, as it is in Nature, is by the Author wrought up into an Enthusiasm little short of Madness, and in Conformity to this extravagant Disposition, every Action must be agreeable to it to be natural; and for this Reason, what has the least *Vrai-semblance* to common Manners, is the most consentaneous to such a Character, and all the Extravagances to which you have just objected as unnatural, become so many Beauties and Proofs of Knowledge in the Writer. Had *Dick* gone into the Door instead of using the Ladder, talked to his Father in the common Way, or been dismayed at being sent to *Newgate*, or not spouted in a Spunging-house, the Enthusiasm would have been ill supported, and the Author would have destroyed the Preservation of this Character, by blending with this singular Personage what is to be found in the Herd of Mankind.

As to his being cooped in a Waggon though such a Lad, as you say, when he has no Money to support him, and is willing to return to his Father; he is obliged to use that Method: and probably this Way of Conveyance is the most usual with those who travel from Town to Town like Beggars, and appear Princes, Kings and Emperors in them. And as to the sudden Reformation of the *Apprentice*, it happens to be more natural in this Instance, than in most others; the

Cause of his Error being a Species of Madness, the first lucid Moment puts the Folly in its true Light, and returning Reason instantly discovers the *Absurdity* he had pursued, and he renounces it for the Future.

At present, Gentlemen Critics, I fancy from this *Specimen* of your Knowledge most People will conceive that it is not *natural* to expect great Critics from Scotland, though we may have very able Carriers of the Pack; and indeed since the Place of your Nativity has never yet been famed for producing critical Knowledge; I wonder you are so fond of letting your Names and Country be known, had you turned Mustard-makers, and come from *Durham*; Cake-Merchants, and come from *Shragsbury*; Cream-cheese-makers, because born at *Bath*; Makers of *Dutch-Beef*, for being *Dutchmen*, or *Turner's-Ware*, because from *Tunbridge*. The Places of your Birth might have recommended your Merchandise, but how does your coming from *Scotland*, promise Skill in the Art of Criticism.

You had better stick to the *Faculty*, where provided you *do*, or *do not* write your Ignorance will be better concealed, because fewer understand Treatises in *Phyfic* than Criticisms on polite Literature. And many induced by this Want of common Sense in your Annals of Literature, may conclude you are equally Ignorant in the Profession of *Phyfic*, and this may be fatal to the great Manufactories of Doctor-making, so zealously carried on in your Country. Besides the manifest Ignorance of the Theatre, and of human Nature, which is visible in all you say on this Character, and would appear so in any indifferent Person, there happens to be a Circumstance which renders it peculiarly Absurd in you, the Hero of your Work has at least *transcribed* *Don Quixote*. If the *Apprentice* then was proceeding unnaturally in all the Extravagancies he has related, how will he justify the Don, who infatuated with Knight-Errantry, as the *Apprentice* is with theatrical Exhibitions, does nothing in the common

common Way; why is the *Spaniard* admired for making his Hero mistake Windmills for Giants, Sheep for Gally-Slaves, Puppets for Moors, a Mill-pond for the Ocean, an awkward country Lass for an Angel in Beauty? If these Things are natural in *Cervantes*, and the Love of Chivalry, the others must be so in Mr. *Murphy*, and the Love of dramatic Performances. Were not then the Abilities of your Hero well adapted to the Pretensions of * translating Don *Quixote*, who has condemned the *Apprentice*, or if he has spoken his real Sentiments on the Latter, could he possibly have understood the Former.

The Remark in the succeeding Paragraph is equally a Proof of your great Knowledge in human Nature with the Former. You say, "We seldom find a Usurer of *Wingate's* Irascibility. That Species of Mankind consists chiefly of cool, sly, phlegmatic Hypocrites, who having no Inflammatory Passions themselves, take the Advantage of the over-heated Temper of their Neighbours."

Gentlemen, by your leave, either you, or *Plautus* and *Moliere* are very much mistaken in Opinions, for these Writers at least next to you in the Knowledge of the human Composition, have thought fit to draw their Misers extremely Irascible. Wherefore Mr. *Murphy* has them of his Side at least, and this may probably in the Opinion of *Englishmen*, decide in Favour of him, though an *Irishman*, notwithstanding you *Scotchmen* are of a different Opinion.

Nor are *Plautus* and *Moliere* his only Testimony of being right, even your Account, the Original from whence it was drawn, and Nature itself will prove it. You define him a cool,

* *A. Millar*, soliciting Subscriptions to this Edition of Don *Quixote*, when it was objected by one of his own Countrymen; that the Translator did not understand *Spanish*, assured him that the Author had been full six Weeks to study that Language amongst the native *Spaniards*, at *Brussels*.

cool, sly, phlegmatic *Hypocrite*. If he be a Hypocrite it is then in this Coolness, &c. and consequently he conceals other Passions within, such as an *ardent* Love of Money. Thus not understanding human Nature you have betrayed your Ignorance, and justified Mr. *Murphy*; for though a Miser should externally be cool in exerting every Art to get Money, this is but the Mask which covers his Rapaciousness within, not one of the coolest Passions. For the same Reason the Person who can disguise the true Motive, and debase human Nature to get Money, must be proportionably inflamed at the Loss or Apprehension of losing what he loves so extremely, and demeans himself so much to obtain. And for this Reason *Wingate* is according to the Dictates of *avaritious* Nature exasperated at the Apprehensions of his Treasure being squandered by his Son, and at his imprudent Conduct.

For these Reasons, I presume that Nature, *Moliere*, *Plautus*, and Mr. *Murphy*, are right in the Conduct of this Character, and you, the Gentlemen *Scotch* Critics, wrong.

After this, you say, "The *Scot* is misrepresented both in "his Foible and Dialect." Justice obliges me to believe you are right in this Remark; and I will assign my Reasons, though you do not: Want of Imagination, a Circumstance fatal to the filling up the Part of a Player, uncouth Behaviour, and the Dialect of broad *Scotch*, being Things which your Countrymen can never get over, effectually prohibit their appearing on the Theatres: The prevailing Foible of the *Scotch* is that of turning *Doctors in Physic*; and as to the Dialect, it would be cruel not to allow you the Knowledge of your own Language.

Yet, notwithstanding the Foible of the *Scots* be a Pretension to Medicine, I see no Reason for objecting to this of playing: One *Scotchman* may be infected with this Folly, as you are with that of being Critics; though contrary to the prevailing Foible of your Countrymen; the latter of which
will

will probably be less hurtful in you, and to the Community, than that of practising Physic. But should this Enthusiasm in the Scot, for dramatic Entertainments, be ever so singular, it is extremely well supported in making him say, "When I enacted in the * *Reegecede*," because that Predilection to Scotch Productions, is Characteristic to the whole Race, and marks that Attachment to every Thing national, however absurd. In like Manner it is but Justice to own also, as you have done, that his being dismissed to translate *Tacitus* or *Grattius*, is done with the utmost Propriety; because as, you say, it is a melancholly Truth, "That every idle *Scotchman*, who cannot, or will not earn his Bread, by the Employment in which he was brought up, commences Author, and undertakes to translate into a Language, of which he is entirely Ignorant," which melancholly Truth is lamentably verified in your Heroes quitting the Business of a Sea-Surgeon's Mate, to translate out of, and into, as well as to criticise Languages of which he is extremely ignorant.

Besides this, there is another Part of this Scotch Character, which is no less natural than the Former, an Affectation to quote on all Occasions the Works of Authors they do not understand, where, he says, *Locke* is certainly *reet*, &c.

Besides these so flagrant Mistakes in human Kind, it appears you are not only ignorant in what is excellent; but you know not even what constitutes a Bull in Writing, tho' you are eternally blundering yourselves. You tell us "There is but *one* costive Attempt towards that peculiar Solecism, which is distinguished by the Appellation of an *Irish-Bull*." *Scotchmen* make none we have seen. Is this Ignorance or Want of Powers to count Three. Is not the Word *Epitaph* for

* A Tragedy, written by one of the Gentlemen Annalists, never played, sometime published, totally forgotten, which, before its being printed by Subscription, raised a great Clamor against the Pattentees, who rejected it, and on being published, justified their Refusal.

for *Epithet* a Bull. Is not the making a *Man* take himself off, that is, *mimic himself*, a Second. And being very good Friends, because Two of a Trade *can never agree*, a Third. You should have consulted on this Occasion the little *Hybernian*, whom you keep near you, to correct your *English*, and translate those Passages of Latin and other Languages, which are above your Comprehension.

You then conclude, that "We think the Character of "*Simon* the most entertaining and best conducted Part of the "Farce," and this you pronounce without assigning one Reason, or quoting one Passage which can shew this Superiority in the Part of *Simon*.

But after all is it not improbable, that Part of this Criticism may have risen from your *hatred* of all that is *excellent*, and not *Scotch*, exasperated by Envy against all which is *Irish*, and not absurd, as will be farther manifested in the following Pages.

Your next Attack is made on Mr. *Foot*'s Comedy, at first you compliment him on the Pleasure his Humour has given the Town, and which he certainly deserves in a great Degree; and then the Thought of his being an *English*-Writer, sets you immediately to find fault with that, which one would imagine no Man could think a Defect.

You tell us "*Buck* returned from *Paris* is a natural and "striking Picture of an *English* Clown, distorted into all "the Extravagance of Affectation, who has resigned his "*Principal* without acquiring any *new Idea*." Pray, Gentlemen, what *Principle* has *Buck* resigned, without receiving any *new Idea*? Is this Sense? Mr. *Foot*, had you consulted him, would have told you the Idea of *Contempt* for all that is *English*, was this Cause of resigning his *Principle*, as you call it; that is, I suppose in *English*, quitting his old Manners for new.

In like Manner you remark, that "*Crab*'s Character is "well coloured, but not so correctly designed. Is not his "Department

“Deportment too brutal, and his Heart too humane?” Is equally Demonstrative of your being well acquainted with the Characters of Men, nothing is more common amongst *Englishmen* than a rough outside, actuated with a tender Heart which condemns the Foibles of Friends with Asperity, and relieves their Distresses with Compassion, his Friendship prompts him to both. Indeed his Compliment on the *Scotch* Nation is, as you observe, very unnatural, and I suggest designed ironically by the Author.

But pray, Gentlemen, why have you been silent on the most striking Character of the Piece? *M'Ruthen*, the *Scotch* Bear-Leader, which is so finely contrasted with *Crab*, in praising the Affectation of a Booby, which *Crab* despises, and in designing to filch his Estate, which the other scorns and preserves. Tell me, was the Character too natural, to be denied, too villainous to be owned, or too similar to one of your *Sett* of Gentlemen Critics, to be taken Notice of? Your very *Specimen* also in the Quotation, shews Want of Taste, or partiality to your Countrymen. Chusing a Scene, wherein *M'Ruthen* does not appear, because the Part of that *Gentleman* in the Opinion of the best Judges, is by much the finest in the Performance. But I ask Pardon, you are Men of Candor, of unwarped Integrity, unprejudiced Judgment, uninfluenced by sinister Motives, and I must be mistaken.

Your next Object of Criticism is the *Universal Visiter*, part of which, you say, “You readily allow to be the Composition of a Graduate in the University of Nonsense;” and which, however just your Censure may be in this Instance, is by this Time thought as applicable to you, as to the Society who wrote that monthly Performance; and yet this very *Visiter* you allow contains two good Things, the Imitation of *Spencer*, and the Song, called *The Morning*; more by two than are to be found in your whole years Labor of Criticism.

K

Having

Having finished this, the third Letter to the People of *England* comes under your candid Examination, in which your Title to being Gentlemen, is as evident as to being Critics. You here tell us, unfairly, the Contents of the Letter, and and then add, “ Perhaps there may be some Truth in what “ this *Monitor* advances ; — indeed all the Truths in his “ Letter are hackney’d Truths, and he, and such as he have “ made them so.” Having said this, you quit the Work to satirize the Person who wrote it, and tell a Story of a Lunatic confined to his Chamber, who alarmed the Neighbourhood with crying Fire, and being asked where, he replied in his Brain. If you, Gentlemen, can find the Similitude of a Man’s telling *Truth*, as *you* allow it to be, and assigning the Causes of national Calamities to the Misconduct of M——s, to a Madman who cries Fire when there is *none* ; and answers when asked, that it is in his own Brain, you are not only happy in your Faculties for Comparison as Critics, but excellent as Doctors of Physic in making a Madman declare the Fire to be in his own Brain, when it is the absolute Condition of Madness to believe every Thing, however extravagant, really existing. And when you subjoin “ the “ Author of this Letter *is* not, cannot be supposed to interest “ himself so warmly in the Cause of the Nation as he pretends to. His Production is not the Language of Sincerity “ and true Patriotism, but the Raving of Spleen, and Disappointment.” On what Authority do you say this ?

When you depart so far from the *Task* which you imposed on your *Abilities*, and enter into the Hearts of Writers, should not your Allegation be supported with some Reasons ? How have you been acquainted with this Writer’s secret Sentiments ? Has he ever been of two Opinions in Relation to M——s and Politics, that you assert he wants Sincerity ? Has he at any Time, in the most distant Way, asked any Thing which has been denied him ? How then are his Writings the Ravings of Disappointment ? And believe me
Spleen

Spleen makes no Part of his Composition? And because you *Scotchmen* may have no Regard for *England*, does it follow an *Englishman* does not love his Country? And when you say, "He does not understand his Subject, or makes false Inferences when he alledges, that the Diminution of Interest makes Part of our Miseries." Are you not mistaken? Is it not a Misery to lessen the Income from the Money of the Individuals, and increase the Taxes, which they must pay? And when you add, "It is the Consequence of Wealth and Commerce." You mistake again, it was the Consequence of not being able to pay the Interest of the national Debt in the first Engagement, and to borrow more Money on the same Revenue; not of Riches, which produced this Diminution of Interest. You then continue "He alledges, that nearly two Parts in three in Labour and Substance." You mistake, he says of *Expences*, "are consumed in Taxes, and therefore the People are Drudges, Beggars, and Slaves." Here you mistake again, the word Beggar is not to be found in the Letter; and pray are they not Drudges and Slaves? Is not this one of the Truths contained in the Letter? Drudges even to *Scotchmen*, the Revenues of whose Country do not yield Sixpence to the Support of *England*, and whose bounties for Linen have this Year taken twenty-nine-thousand Pounds, from the Industry of *Englishmen*.

But above all your Reasons for not refuting those Truths are Excellent, "That you have not leisure to refute such hardy Assertions, but shall only observe, that an industrious Tradesman, who maintains his Family in Affluence, and saves Money, will be apt to reject every Assertion in this Performance, as equally untrue." Admirable indeed! the Calculation on Taxes, which you have not disproved, are yet false, because a Tradesman gets Money. What Affinity is there between this Calculation of Taxes, and a Tradesman's getting Money? Or how can that make

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Truth become Falshood? Believe me when such Things are contradicted by you, the Excuse of wanting Leisure to prove the Reason of the Contradiction will never be taken for Criticism. Men in general, where such Malevolence appears, as in this Instance (the Cause of which shall be shewn hereafter) and such Ignorance as in your former Criticisms will conclude your Want of Leisure is an Excuse for asserting what you know to be false, or for Want of Capacity to prove it so.

Having gone thus far, you add another Tale equally excellent with the Former, by Way of Allusion to the Author. "A certain old Woman" (probably a *Scotch* Woman) "who swept the Passage into the *Park*, and got a Maintenance by talking Treason." Now in this Place do not you advance too far in making a Resemblance between Treason and the hackney'd Truths of the third Letter, and insinuate that there is great Affinity between those two Things, or where lies the Likeness? After this you say, "The old Woman was confined and whipt in *Bridewell*, and that if she had been a more dignified Character, her Ears might have been nailed to the Pillory." Please to explain the Resemblance between the Author and this old Woman; and then Answer. If by your making Truth and Treason almost the same Thing, you do not deserve to have your Ears nail'd to the Pillory equally with the old Woman and the Author; the last of which has never insinuated one Idea of Treason, unless defending the Liberties and Constitution of *Englishmen*, be Treason in the Eyes of you *Scots*. And had you examined the Sett who compose and abett your Criticisms as you ought, you would most certainly have hid the word Treason in everlasting Darknes.

Now have not you given convincing Proofs of your being a Sett of Gentlemen, who have no Connections to warp their Integrity, nor Prejudices to influence their Judgment. Who are resolved to revive the true Spirit of Criticism. Who will not decide

side on the Merits of a Work in an arbitrary Sentence, unsupported by Evidence. Who will not affect to shew odious Comparisons, where there is no Resemblance or Relation. Or mis-quota the Words of an Author, wrest the Sense, or mis-interpret the Meaning, nor act as the Ministers of Envy, or Malevolence? Tell me, am I not your best Friend, who have discovered to your Readers, that your Criticisms are to be understood in the inverted Sense.

Thus far your critical Abilities have been chiefly exhibited in examining Productions in the *English* Language. You are now arrived to exemplify them in the *French*, of which your profound Knowledge appears in the Title of the Book which you have named *La nuit est moment*, and should have been *La nuit et le moment*, *nuit* being Feminine, and *moment* Masculine; and indeed the Particles ought to have preceded, though each was of the same Gender. This Imputation I foresee how you may intend to evade. You will ask if your Knowledge of *French* can be so little as not to transcribe a Title after a Book which lies before you; and it will be answered, that you did transcribe it right for the Press; but as the Printer omitted *le*, and you had not Knowledge enough to distinguish whether it should or should not be there, when the proof Sheet came to your Hands, nor thought to compare it with the Copy to be corrected, it was not inserted, and therefore stands as it does in your Criticism.

The Translation is equally convincing of your Skill in that Language, *Night and Opportunity*, which it signifies as much as it does Night and Sunshine. *The* Night and the Minute being both the literal and real Sense of the Author. Wherefore, Gentlemen, you must either have translated what you do not understand, or criticised what you have never read, in which you have violated your Promise; or which is more probable done both, as will more evidently appear in the Sequel.

For

For this Reason I shall not consider any farther what you have said on this Performance on the *La Pucelle d'Orleans* and *L'Empire des Passions*; but as you have concluded, that Doctor Blackwell's not understanding *English* may be owing to his great Skill in other Languages; I shall conclude, that your not understanding *French* may be owing to your Skill in the *Chinese*, if you please. I am afraid your Ignorance in *French* cannot be attributed to your Knowledge of *European* Languages, either ancient or modern, as it appears too evident already.

Having gone through your Criticisms on literary Productions, I come now to examine those which you have made on the Works of Art.

The first is the Production of Mr. *Hamilton*, a Painter. The Preference still given to your own Countrymen. You begin "An *allegorical* Picture for his Grace the Duke of *Bedford*."—The Composition is *allegorical*, the Sign of the *Black Horse*.—The Horse is *Black*. Pray, Gentlemen Critics, was there ever an *allegorical* Picture that was not *allegorical*, that you have distinguished this *allegorical* Picture, by being *allegorical*. You persist "It exhibits the Education of a "young Lady, whose *Character* and Attitude are suited to her "Years." Pray are not you mistaken in the word *Character* in this Place, do not you mean Expression; because Character is a Thing formed by Education, Habit and Time, and not to be seen in the Face of Children, who can have none.

You then describe the other Figures in the Piece, and forget to say, that though there is Merit in the Performance, the Painter appears to want Imagination, it being manifest the Idea is borrowed, and the Composition made up from Parts of the History of *Mary*, of *Medicis*, in the *Luxemburgh* Gallery, at *Paris*. Or perhaps you did not know this.

Your next ~~Object~~ Enquiry are Drawings for three different Prints, by Mr. *Strange*. You then add, "This Gentleman's Merit as a *Drawer* and Engraver, is so universally
"fally

“ fally known and acknowledged, that we have no Oc-
 “ cation to compose his Eulogium.” Indeed I believe you
 are mistaken, Mr. *Strange* has never been known or ac-
 knowledged as a *Drawer* of Water, a *Drawer* in a Tavern,
 or in any Sense as a *Drawer*, you meant Draftsman. He
 is, if you please, a *Designer*, and indeed of great Merit,
 as well as an Engraver, superior to any Person, that the
 Dominions of *England* have produced ; and though a *Scotch-*
man, justice to his Deserts shall make me rescue him from
 the absurd Panegyric of your Criticism. Many People, as
 I have heard, conceiving it as a Puff, from the ill judged
 Manner, and Want of Knowledge, which appear in your
 Annals.

Two of these Pieces you say, “ Are taken from cele-
 “ brated Pictures of *Pietro de Cortona*, preserved in the *Ho-*
 “ *tel de Tholouse*, at *Paris*, and the third from a famous
 “ Painting of *Salvator Rosa*. The first represents *Julius*
 “ *Cæsar*, repudiating his Wife *Pomperia*, who is represented
 “ as quitting the Place with all the *Fury* of a flighted Wo-
 “ man ; there is besides *Anger*, a Kind of dignified *Disdain*,
 “ expressed in her *Countenance*, which seems to be the Effect
 “ of conscious *Innocence*.” This is the panegyric Jargon
 of all Critics, who know not what to look for in a Pic-
 ture, nor what it contains when exposed before their Eyes.
 The Painter it seems has mixt in one Face *Fury*, *Disdain*,
 and *conscious Innocence*. If the two former are compata-
 ble, a Thing I doubt, the latter is impossible to be mixt
 with *Fury*. *Innocence* and *Fury* in one Face are beyond the
 Skill of Art or Nature ; because one must necessarily de-
 stroy the other ; and indeed *Pietro* knew this full well, tho’
 you do not, and has not attempted to place either *Fury*
 or *conscious Innocence* in her Face and Air ; *Pompeia*
 was known by him, though not by you, to have been
 a Character suspected of Intrigue and criminal Conversation
 with *Clodius*, who violated the Rites of the *Bona Dea*, in
 her

her Appartments. She is therefore painted looking back with an indignant Air of Contempt on *Cæsar* and his new Bride, the sole Expression which could become such a Character, and the Circumstance of leaving *Cæsar's* House.

You then subjoin, "*Cæsar* is exhibited in the Attitude of receiving *Calphurnia* in her room. The *Dignity* of his Character, the *Elegance* of his *Figure*, and the *very Features* of his Countenance, delineated in antique Gems, Busts and Coins, are *wonderfully* preserved."

Here again you understand to the full in Speaking of *Cæsar*, as much as you did in Speaking of *Pomperia*. The *Dignity* of his Character : By this Expression it appears the Idea of Emperor only was in your Skulls, and not the momentary Condition of the *Man*, and of the Artist, and therefore the common Attribute of *Dignity* was given to *Cæsar*, but the Painter thought otherwise; and knew that though *Cæsar* had been Emperor of the Universe in rejecting one Wife, and bringing home another, he ought to be painted with an Expression of Embarrassment and Confusion, and not *Dignity*; particularly, as he was at one Time in the Presence of the Wife he was rejecting, and the Wife he was receiving; and in fact *Pietro* has carried this Idea too far, and given *Cæsar* an Air of Inferiority to his Character and Rank, rather than an Expression and Attitude of *Dignity*, which last however would still have been infinitely a greater Fault. "The *Elegance* of his *Figure*, you say, as delineated in antique Gems, Busts and Coins." That is, the Painter has taken his *Figure* from where it is *not* to be found, neither Gem, Bust or Coin, exhibiting the whole Length of that Emperor; but that the Preservation of the *Features* of his Countenance, copied from such Remains should be *wonderful*, is *wonderful* indeed. Can copying a Portrait be a *Wonder*, which is done every Day?

But you continue "*Calphurnia* discovers all the *Mildness* of her Sex." Here you mistake again, *Mildness* is Characteristic

racharacteristic of a general Disposition, and not of the momentary and express Sensation of a particular Situation the sole Consideration of a history Painter. She expresses, if you please, all that Sense of Delicacy and Confusion, which a sensible Woman must feel in seeing a Wife, whose Place she is going to possess, and of being partly the Cause of her being rejected. You then say, "The Decorations are magnificent, and *described* with great Propriety." You mean imagined, *described* being referable to something already done, and not to the Invention of a Painter. But you omit the female Figure which is whispering to that next her, in which that Action is admirably express'd by the Circumspection in her Air and Eyes, which attends the Fear of being overheard.

Thus, Gentlemen Critics, in criticising this Piece, you have given a most conspicuous Proof of being equally knowing in the Works of Art, as in the Productions of Literature. You proceed "The Subject of the second Piece, is the finding *Romulus* and *Remus*. A Shepherd presents one of the Infants to his Wife, who receives it with all the Eagerness of Benevolence, at the Door of a Cottage ; while a little Boy holds up his Hands in a Transport of childish Curiosity, as if wishing to handle the Prize. The Daughter, within the Cottage, eyes the Scene, with a Look of Meekness and Satisfaction." In examining this Piece, you have likewise committed as many Mistakes, as can well be on a Subject of such Simplicity in its Composition. The little Boy you have not characterised as the Child of this Man and Woman, as the Painter intended ; and the *Servant-maid*, which looks from the Cottage, you have denominated their Daughter ; whereas the Painter has signified this Woman to be of the servile Kind, by the Subordination of Rank and Form, which is express'd in every Feature of her Face, and which you have mistaken for Meekness. Besides this, her Age is equal with that of the Shepherdess.

Now, Gentlemen, in *Italy*, the Mother is always elder than the Daughter, I presume it is otherwise in *Scotland*, or you could not have been led into this palpable Absurdity. *Remus* in the back Ground still sucking the Wolf, was happily imagined to distinguish this Story, from every similar Accident of finding exposed Infants, so common amongst the People of Antiquity.

And in this Place, though you have not, I shall remark in justice to Mr. *Strange*, the Judgment which he has shewn in his Choice of these two Subjects, by contrasting the Manners of rural Simplicity and Benevolence, with those of high Life, and perverted Nature.

You come at last to “ The third Piece of those Draw-
 “ ings, after *Salvator Rosa*, it exhibits *Belisarius* in his Ad-
 “ versity, and discovers a Happiness of Imagination, and
 “ Strength of Expression peculiar to that inimitable Artist.
 “ Every Particular of the Scene betokens Decay. We see
 “ Fragments of Sculpture and Architecture, strewed on the
 “ Ground. A Pile of Building seems to nod and totter. An
 “ old Tree rears its blasted Top to Heaven. And *Belisa-
 “ rius* stands amidst the Ruins, a noble Monument of Great-
 “ ness and Misfortune, while a Groupe of Soldiers eye him
 “ from a Corner with Looks of Sorrow and Surprise; in
 “ which are mingled Reverence and Awe, that restrains them
 “ from intruding upon the Privacy of the old General” (a
 second Mixture of Impossibilities) “ his shattered Armour de-
 “ notes his military Character, his Attitude is finely imagin-
 “ ed, his Figure extremely elegant; notwithstanding his
 “ scanty Drapery and matted Beard; Aspect expressive of
 “ Fortitude and Feeling, and his Importance such as fills the
 “ whole Scene without a Rival.” What is all this, but the
 common place Cant of all Pretenders to critical Knowledge,
 who praise without Taste, and judge without Distinction.
 Let us see whether something may not be said more apt to
 the Design, and with more Justice to the Artist.

In this Picture *Belisarius* stands in the fore Ground with his Arms gently extended in the Act of Speaking. Over his whole Figure is spread in the Drapery and Air, that Negligence which is the Consequence of Affliction rendering Men inattentive to their Persons, and of Blindness which prevents their discovering it. And yet through this Neglect, by Means of just Attitude and apt Expression, the Idea of innate Greatness, is perfectly preserved, notwithstanding the most Characterising of all Features, the Eyes are totally extinct. It is scarce possible in surveying this Figure to avoid catching a Compassion for his Distress; and imagining, that *Salvator Rosa*, the most Congenial of all Painters, with the Genius of *Shakespeare*, has taken this Idea from sightless *Gloster*, in *King Lear*, as he is uttering the following Words; for this is not a begging *Belisarius*.

— 'How stiff is my vile Sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious Feeling
Of my huge Sorrow! Better I were distract.
So should my Thoughts be severed from my Griefs.
And Woes, by wrong Imaginations, lose
The Knowledge of themselves.

On one Side stands an Officer, whose liberal Countenance, and ornamented Drapery, bespeak him of Rank, regarding this Object still superb in Blindness and Affliction, with the Expression of infinite Compassion, seeming to say, is this the Reward of Toil and Danger in our Country's Cause; whilst at a little Distance a few common Soldiers from behind behold him with that stern Survey, which proceeds from cursing the inhuman Author of their General's Miseries, who though Blind, still retains a Reverence in their Mind, which prevents them from coming forward. Every Thing in this Piece corresponds to make one whole, and with the Subject. The Buildings and other inanimate Parts, are not

the Productions of vague Fancy, but of strict Propriety. The Relief carved on a fallen Fragment of Marble, is perfectly allusive to the Condition of the Hero. The inoffensive Ox after his Toil is ended, brought to be sacrificed for the Sins of the Guilty and Ungrateful ; whilst behind, a Pyramid and Column, the most durable of all Buildings, signify, that though they are somewhat externally injured by Time, their Structures are yet able to support the Wrath of Ages ; and the riven Oak shoots forth green Leaves, in Spite of the Inclemency of the Skies. All this alludes to that Man, who though so despitefully treated, still stands with Fortitude superior to the Calamities inflicted on him. At the same Time the more ornamental Parts of Architecture broken and rudely strew'd on the Ground, explain, that Titles, Pomp and Riches, the Trapings of Life, are easily humbled to the Dust ; whilst Virtue exerting her internal Vigor only remains, unchangeable and immortal.

Now pray have you, Gentlemen, conceived the Merit, or done Justice to this Piece ? That the Drawings after these Paintings are done with Elegance, Precision and Truth is but justice to Mr. *Strange* ; but what will be more agreeable to the Lovers of imitative Art the Print of the last Piece is completed, in which the Character of the Master, and Excellence of the Production, are perfectly preserved. In executing this Work, Mr. *Strange* has happily united the elegant Ease, and masterly Freedom of *Gerard Andran*, with the pleasing Precision, and finished Workmanship of *Edlinck*. The Extremities are finely finished, and every Part of the Whole, whether Flesh, Drapery or Architecture, justly characterised, and the Clair obscure, excellently preserved, which renders the Original equal to *Rembrant*, in that Particular. *Salvator Rosa* would be pleased could he see this first finished Graving, after his excellent Production, none hitherto, as far as I recollect, having been more than Etched. Such are the Performances of Mr. *Strange*, which I have
endeavoured

endeavoured to rescue from the absurd Commendation of his Countrymen. And which I praise with infinite Delight, though the Artist be a *Scotchman*, refusing Justice to the Inhabitants of no Nation ; and holding in the utmost Contempt, the illiberal Design of those *Scotch* Gentlemen Critics, whose whole malevolent Attempt is, that of depreciating the Value of all the other Subjects of this Realm, to exalt themselves. Nay, in this Place, I cannot refrain stepping from my Subject to say, that Miss *Read*, Native of their Country, is at least equal to the best pourtrait Painter in *England*, and deserves the particular Attention of all who wish to distinguish themselves by encouraging the Excellent amongst Artists.

The next Piece of Art on which you exercise your critical Taste, is on a *Hercules* carved by Mr. *Reisbach*. This begins as perfect in its Way as any Thing you have yet said, “ With regard to the *Hercules*, by Mr. *Reisbach*, though the Public has in general had an Opportunity of being acquainted with the *Merits* of that Performance, we risque nothing in saying it is certainly one of the finest Figures, that has ever been exhibited in this Country.” Was there ever such a Beginning, you risque nothing in saying this is a fine Figure, because the World has in general been acquainted with it’s Merit. Pray, who ever did risque any Thing in praising what is generally praised, joining with Mankind seldom incurs Censure, thus this Period so roundly turned is absolute Nonsense.

The whole you have to say, is, “ the Attitude though quite different from that of the *Farnese*, is no less easy and natural ; perhaps it is not quite so Muscular as the ancient Statue, but the Parts are nevertheless as conspicuous, and judiciously represented.” What a Term ? *Conspicuous* for the *Parts* of a *Hercules*.

What impotent Observation on a Figure of such Merit, you might have said with Truth, that this Statue though the same in it’s Subject with the *Farnesian*, was no Copy servilely followed,

followed, but accompanied with all the Marks of an Original; that the Figure has nothing in it discordant; the Parts belong to one Whole; the Articulations, as in just Nature, join Limbs which belong to one Body, and preserve that Harmony, which is always so eminent in the Works of superior Artists; whilst in Hands uninformed with Skill, though the Legs, Thighs, Arms or other Parts, taken singly are excellent, yet the Union of all is Disgusting, as each seems to have been a Part taken from other Bodies, and injudiciously put together to make one incongruous Figure; and this defect betrays itself at the Articulations where the Extremities of two Limbs uniting form a Discord, which the judicious Eye observes, and is displeased with.

You might have said, that the Parts above the Waist are even superior to the *Farnesian*; which Latter, though *Colossal* appears to have his Muscles too bare, and uncovered with the Skin, as they are left by Anatomists after dissecting a Subject; and which Defect Mr. *Reisbach* has judiciously avoided. But it must be owned that the Parts below are not equal to those in the *Farnesian Hercules*, the Thighs appear too plump, and the Muscles too indistinct to express vast and active Strength; yet the Figure taken altogether has a Merit which demands a greater Attention to that excellent Artist than is at present given him, it being certainly the most capital Performance of all carved in this Island, at least since the two Figures in *Moorfields*.

The next Object is *Diana* and *Endymion*, which I have never seen and unluckily for you: I shall prove from your ascribing this to Mr. *Reisbach*, that he that wrote this inimitable Criticism, has also never seen the *Hercules* or Groupe of *Endymion*; because, Gentlemen, if he had, he never could have ascribed both to Mr. *Reisbach*, as they were never in the same Place; he must have seen each in separate Shops, and therefore known they were the Work of different Hands, and
this

this Error you confess in your second monthly Labour, and assign the *Endymion* to the right Artist, *Laura*.

Thus, Gentlemen Critics, who "Will not condemn or extol, without having carefully perused the Performance." You have really extolled what you never saw, and I presume upon the Report of your Raker of Intelligence, whose meagre Horses starving on the Fees, whilst he grows fat on his *English* Wife's Fortune, curse the Hour that he commenced a Retainer to your Criticism.

Thus I have fairly gone through every Article of your first Moon's Labour, which indeed, to do you Justice, does not seem to be written under the Influence of that Luminary. Madmen must have *lost* an Understanding, whilst your Productions prove you never have *possess* any. I have pursued this Method to shew you and our Readers, that I have taken all Things as they rise, and not leapt from Part to Part, and thereby proceeded unfairly in giving you to the World. Hereafter I shall decline following you in every Step, and only shew your Inequality in other Subjects to the Professions of Criticism, which you have newly adopted, and to that of Medicine, the Title to which, if Report speak Truth, was given you on Promise of never practising North of *Tweed*.

The second Number begins with a Criticism on a new and accurate History of South-America, by Mr. *Rolt*, which, Gentlemen, I could almost risque a small Wager, is writtten by your Hero, it is so extremely apt to the Condition he has been long in ; where, he says, "The miserable Author must perform his daily Task, in Spite of Cramp, Cholic, Vapours or *Vertigo* ; in Spite of Head-ach, Heart-ach, and *Minerva's* Frowns ; otherwise he will lose his Character and Livelihood, like a Taylor who disappoints his Customer in a Birth-day Suit. What can be expected from such a wretched Author, under such Terrors and Restraint, but a raw, crude, hasty, superficial Production, without Substance, Order, Symmetry or Connection." This we have

have transcribed out of pure Goodness to you, Gentlemen Critics, that it may plead your Apology in some future Remarks, which we shall have Occasion to make on your Works; when probably in Imitation of your Words which follow, it shall be said, " Sorry we are, that Truth obliges
 " us to declare this pretended *History*, a very trivial, insipid,
 " injudicious, and defective Performance; without Plan,
 " Method, Learning, Accuracy or Elegance; an unmean-
 " ing Composition of Shreds, Rags and Remnants; pilfered
 " ed from those entertaining Collections of Voyages, distinguished by the venerable Names of *Hackluyt*, *Purchas*,
 " *Churchill*, *Astley* and *Harris*; together with the History
 " of the *Buchaneers*, torn away without Art, and sewed together without Order or Propriety.—A Variety of Nothingness; a patched; a piebal'd Linsey-Woolsey Nothing.
 " We speak not from *Spleen* or *private Resentment*, &c." Indeed the last Sentence I believe may be partly true, but do you not speak from *private Interest*. Was not your Hero under the above Circumstances, which you have described; compiling with Paste and brown Paper and the Authors you mention, an Abridgment of Voyages, since published, and which we shall presently see so liberally praised in your lunar Productions? Was it not from Fear of that Work remaining on the Hands of the Booksellers which employed him, and his Loss of Business, that this indecent Strain of Writing was exhibited against the Production of a Man, whom you confess neither to know in Person nor Fame? Did not your *national Indignation* arise from the above Cause, or does it all proceed from that partiality to *Scotch*, and Envy of *English* and *Irish* Productions, which is forever appearing in your Annals? But I mistake, *you are not the Ministers of Interest, Faction, Envy or Malevolence. You are, Gentlemen, Dignifiers of the liberal Arts, and Patrons of Genius and Science.*

The

The next is Experiments on Bleaching, by Doctor *Home*, in which you begin "This is a very laudable Attempt to extend the Use of Chemistry to Purposes subservient to a national Advantage." The extensive Knowledge in Chemistry, which you, Gentlemen Critics, and Doctors of Physic must possess, is evident by this Expression of extending Chemistry to national Advantages: As if it had hitherto been confined to Medicine only. What are all the Parts of Metallurgy, making Glass, Porcelaine, Gems, Earthen-Ware, Colours, Soaps, Oils of Turpentine, Varnishes, Dying, Brewing, Distilling, and innumerable other Branches of Commerce, ? How equal are your Abilities to the Task you have imposed on them. You then proceed to say, "Doctor *Home* is much to be commended for having dedicated his Time and Talents to the Improvement of the Linen-Manufacture, which is the staple Commodity of his Country; unless the Breed of Authors produced in *Scotland*, come in Competition with this Branch of Industry." You mistake, Gentlemen, the staple Commodity of *Scotland*, is neither Linen nor Authors, but Doctors, Apothecaries, Men-Midwives, Surgeons, and Surgeon's-Mates, on whom Doctor *Home* would do well to apply some of his Studies to improve also: Then comes a Joke to introduce a *Greek* Word. "Authors, and white linnen have been long at variance." The *πρέπον*, or *Decorum* of the Mind is very often shrouded with a very dirty Tabernacle, in which your Learning and Wit are of a Piece. *Decorum* as you have used it, is a Substantive, and as it is adopted into our Language, and therefore cannot be expressed by *πρέπον*, you should have added the Particle *τὸ* before it, as it is the Neuter Gender of *πρέπος*, an *Adjective*, and it cannot otherwise be used to express *Decorum*. Why will you meddle with *Greek*? You burn your Fingers. After having extracted Passages from this Author, which are the only Criticisms, you constantly

stantly give ; you then say, “ He seems to have taken
 “ infinite Pains to make himself Master of the Subject,
 “ and to have struck out new Lights, that may prove
 “ very advantageous to the Manufacture.” And then
 at the End, page 114, you add, “ The Experiments are
 “ painfully described ; and succeed one another in such a
 “ Manner, as leaves no Pause for Recollection, no Mark
 “ of Distinction for the Memory.” What a blessed Writer
 this must be according to your Account of him. What
 Pains he must have taken to be Master of the Subject. What
 new Lights he must have struck out, when his Experiments
 can neither be recollected, nor have any Distinction by which
 to be remember’d. You then tell us, that “ You believe
 “ no Person, but a mere Whitster or Writer in either Re-
 “ view, will ever drudge through Doctor *Home’s* Treatise on
 “ Bleaching.” Which Whitster and Critic must be a *Scotch-*
man also ; because you have told us, “ There are *Scottish*
 “ Words and Measures, which an *English* Reader will be at
 “ a Loss to understand.” And yet you say, “ Which ne-
 “ vertheless we pronounce a *valuable* Performance, though
 “ like the green Linnen, he describes *steeped and rinsed Clean*
 “ *of all the Flummery and Dressing.*” What an admirable
 Simile of Simplicity this is, for a Work which is painfully
 Written ; and so jumbled in its Manner, that it suffers no
 Pause for Recollection, and no Mark of Distinction for the
 Memory. You must certainly have no Prejudices to influ-
 ence your Judgment, nor Connections to warp your Integri-
 ty, in this Account of your Countryman’s *valuable Perfor-*
mance. Pray observe how well these Qualifications in you are
 manifested on this Work, and on that of Mr. *Rolt*, who is
 an *Englishman*.

Evident Tokens of these eminent Virtues are exhibited
 also in your Criticisms on the History of *Dumont*, written by
 Mrs. *Charke*, and on the History of *Crasus*. On the Perform-
 ance of Mrs. *Charke*, you tell us, “ Some of the meaner
 “ Characters

“ Characters are indifferently well drawn, the Method
 “ taken to save *Dumont* well contrived, and the Catastrophe
 “ not displeasing. But as we are afraid Mrs. *Charke* will
 “ never be able to manifest much Merit as a Writer, we
 “ could wish her to find out some other Method of supply-
 “ ing her Wants; and though we do not advise the Perusal
 “ of the Book, we should be sorry if we hindered the poor
 “ Woman from receiving three Shillings.” Now, as Critics,
 what have you to do with Mrs. *Charke*’s Poverty, and how
 great must that Sorrow be for her Condition in Men, who
 advise the not reading her Book. Are you afraid she will in-
 terfere with your Trade?

In the Life of *Græsus*, you say, “ The Subject is but su-
 “ perficially handled, the Narration not animated with that
 “ Variety of Language, which lends Spirit to the most lan-
 “ guid Sentiments, and gives an Air of Importance to the
 “ most trivial Remarks, and that the whole History might have
 “ been comprehended in three Pages of the two Hundred
 “ and Thirty-five, of which it consists; that the Writer has
 “ filled up his blank Paper, with unnecessary Argument;
 “ that his Words and Idioms, are *Scottish* throughout; and
 “ yet upon the Whole, the Performance discovers a faint
 “ Bloom of Genius, which may in Time produce agreeable
 “ Fruit.” Here again your unwarped Integrity, and unpre-
 judiced Judgment, are remarkably manifested. Mrs. *Charke*,
 an *English*-Writer, who has performed in some Parts well,
 is discouraged from proceeding, and the *Scotch* Author by his
 Bloom of Genius, and expected Fruit, in whom no Ap-
 pearance of Merit is to be found, is encouraged to proceed.
 What must be thought of the Heads or Hearts of you
 Gentlemen Critics?

Next appear some exquisite Specimens of your Critical
 Skill, in Physic and Medicine. *Pathological Observations*, &c.
 by Doctor *Haller*. You begin, “ As these Observations
 “ are very numerous, to take particular Notice of each of
 “ them, would far exceed their Proportion in a Work of

“ this Kind ; we shall therefore confine our *Remarks* to such
 “ of them, as more immediately regard the Practice of Phy-
 “ sic, several of which throw a new Light upon it.

“ Thus for Example, Obs. xii. shews, That an Incysted
 “ Dropsy may be produced in the Thorax, from Water col-
 “ lected in the Cells of the Pleura, in the same Manner as
 “ it happens in the Abdomen.” Pray, Gentlemen, is this
 Title of the Observation, a *Remark* in Criticism and Medicine
 on it. “ Obs. xiii. *Of a Pleurisy settled in the Lungs.*” Excel-
 lent Physicians ! A *Pleurisy* in the Lungs ! Must it not have
 been a Peripneumonia, if in the Lungs, and in the Pleura to
 be a *Pleurisy* ? “ It gives a good hint to Physicians to have
 “ immediate Recourse to the most powerful Remedies in that
 Disease.” Excellent Remark. And to the Sick to have no con-
 cern with Physicians who know not one Disease from another !
 “ Obs. xv. Of a Phthisis Pulmonalis in an Infant, will, we
 “ hope, tend to eradicate too common an Error in Physic, viz.
 “ That Infants are not subjected to that Disease.” A better Re-
 mark still. “ Obs. xxi. affords a strong Instance of the bad Ef-
 “ fects of a too plentiful Use of Acids to reduce a corpulent
 “ Habit. And in Obs. xxvii. the Doctor has not only explained
 “ how an Introsusception of the Intestines is occasioned ; but
 “ he has likewise shewn it to be of a harmless Nature, and
 “ by no Means the Cause of the Iliac Passion, as *Kubnius*,
 “ and several other Physicians have imagined.” Two Titles
 for Remarks. “ Obs. xxviii. shews how congenial Herniæ
 “ are formed. And in Obs. xxx. Hist. I. it appears some-
 “ times the hernial Sac adheres so close to the Tunica Vagi-
 “ nalis and the Testicles, as to render a Separation of it from
 “ them impracticable ; so as either to replace it, or tie it alone,
 “ both which Operations are highly extolled by the *French*
 “ Surgeons.” Excellent Remarks in the former Way.

“ In Obs. xxxiii. Hist. I. and II. are contained two Ca-
 “ ses, the First of an Abscess of the Liver, mistaken for an
 “ Empyema, and the Second of an Aneurism, not far from
 “ the

“ the Back-bone, near the tenth Rib, mistaken for an Abscess of the Liver, which may serve as very useful Cautions to Surgeons in similar Cases.” Incomparable Remark !

“ Obs. xxxiii. Of Stones in the Gall-bladder contains several Histories of Cases of that Kind, shewing the Frequency of that Disease ; and we cannot help quoting what the Doctor says on this Subject in Page 78, and 79, of the Translation.” Better Remarks still !

“ From Obs. xxxviii. Hist. 1. 2. &c. it appears, as the Doctor observes, Page 108.” When quoting his Words, you add, “ This is a good *Hint* for Midwives to be extremely Cautious not to hurt the Uterus in delivering their Patients.” A very *necessary* Remark, and *new* !

“ *The History of the Variolous Temperament, of the Year 1735*, Obs. xlv. contains a Method of treating the small Pox, attended with black Spots intermixed with Pustules, which is well worth perusing, and 'tis pity it is not more *generally* known. It is chiefly by Means of Camphire given to the Quantity of a Scruple in twenty-four Hours, in an Emulsion, and a plentiful Use of *Acids* and *Diluents*, till the Pustules begin to dry.” The Latter of which the Acids and Diluents have been known to all Physicians in *England*, ever since the Time of *Sydenham*, tho' you, *Scotch* Critics and Physicians, seem by your Remark to have heard nothing of it till this Time.

“ The Remarks on Persons who have been drowned, Obs. lxii. are very ingenious, and explain the Manner how Death is occasioned by Drowning ; but it is much to be regretted, that from the Experiments which the Doctor has tried upon Dogs and other Animals, there are so little Hopes of recovering Persons drowned.”

Now, Gentlemen Critics and Physicians, do you imagine, there ever have been such Criticisms published by a Set of Gentlemen, whose *Characters and Capacities have been universally approved and acknowledged by the Public* ; had you, Critical

tical Physicians, nothing to say on such numerous Observations; the Improvements they contained; the Probability of Success in following them, compared with those of former Practitioners, whether well or ill founded on the Anatomy of the human Body on Physiology and Pathology: Certainly something might have been said on so copious a Subject, which, as you say, throws a new Light on the Practice of Physic. But the *Acids and Diluents, which it is pity are not more generally known. The good Hint to Midwives, not to hurt the Uterus. The Pleurisy in the Lungs, and the Hint of having immediate Recourse to powerful Medicines, and your other equally ingenious Remarks, what are they, but so many Proofs of absolute Ignorance, in the very Subjects which you pretend to examine as Critics; and on which you pretend to practice as Physicians. Should not you have said then, instead of far exceeding their Proportion in this Work, far exceeding the Capacity of the Writers of this Work. So much for your Science; now for your Criticism as Gentlemen.*

“ My Complements to the King, &c.

“ My Compliments! In the Name of all the familiar Devils, who art thou? — My Compliments! — To the King! — And such Compliments too! — And in Verse too! — Such Compliments indeed one would think might have done just *as well in Prose.*” Is not this a New and Gentleman-like Manner of Criticising, and much to the Purpose?

In Memoirs ——— of the Capuchins, &c. you have an excellent Remark, “ But if he is a strayed Hog, he had best take Care of himself; for it is well known, by those who believe it, that there is no Safety, even in London, for the most insignificant Rascal, that ever eloped from Rome.” Is not that shrewdly put? *Known by those who believe it.* Can that which is known by any Person be believed by him? What apt Ideas you annex to your Words.

Then

Then follows your Condemnation of Mr. *Marfb*, for the *Winters Tale*; Mr. *Garrick*, for *Catharine* and *Petrucio*; Mr. *Murphy*, for the *Spouter*, with much ill Manners. Mr. *Garrick*, again for the *Tempest*; Doctor *Browne*, for *Athelstan*, all *English* or *Irishmen*.

“ *An Appeal*, &c. by *Charles Lucas*, M. D. On this you say, this Gentleman, heretofore an Apothecary in *Dublin*, and now a Doctor and Chemist, in Consequence of a Transformation very common in these Days, &c.” And in no Sett of Men to be found so common as amongst you, Gentlemen Critics, many of which have been transformed into Doctors, from Apothecaries, without ever having been Chemists, and some without being Apothecaries even; the Title of your Hero to the Name of Doctor, being no more than, after having been a Sea-Surgeon’s Mate, a degree sent him from *Scotland*, like a suit of Clothes into the Country, according to a Measure taken by another Taylor; and which I fancy appears at present to fit him as well, as Clothes generally made in such a Manner are used to. What remarkable Modesty there appears in this Criticism of yours, on Doctor *Lucas*. You have no Envy, no Prejudice, no Frailties, we see it in every Step you advance. You are all Men of Learning, and regular bred Physicians. None of you were ever Apprentices to Barber-Surgeons or Apothecaries; or perhaps void of those Pretensions even.

We come now to your Remarks on *Oratio Anniversaria*, &c. a *Roberto Taylor*, M. D. which is styled “ This Sublime Oration, &c.” in which you say, “ We cannot help concluding, that the excellent Orator neither consulted the Greek Original, nor looked into *Le Clerc*, and from your Knowledge of Greek, already so visible, and which will appear more so hereafter; I conclude you have no more looked into it, than Doctor *Taylor*. You then proceed in a Strain of Irony, and find that the Writer has mistaken
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in *Consolatorem*, because *Lux* is Feminine. The chief Cause of your Causticity on this Piece, seems to arise from Doctor Taylor's not having travelled into *Scotland*, for Subjects of Panegyric in his Oration; and that too probably was aggravated by a Refusal which has been given to the modest Application of your Countrymen, for the Doctor's Degree *ad eundem*, in *Oxford*, a *Scotch* Doctor made as suddenly as a Knight by the Touch of the King's Sword, and as void of Learning, claims a Degree *ad eundem* at the University of *Oxford*, which requires fourteen Years Study by an *Englishman*.

Now, Gentlemen, I will engage, that Doctor Taylor, can bring Reasons to satisfy all Mankind, the *Scotch* Physicians and Critics excepted, that his Adhering to his own Countrymen, was but strict Justice to the Universities of *England*.

After having condemned the whole Performance, unluckily for yourselves, you give a Specimen of your own *Latin*, and which, Consisting of about four Lines, is replete with as much false Grammar and Nonsense, as can well be found in so many Words. *Orationem hancce, compositionem inflatam, inanem, turgentem sesquipedalia verba proferentem, existumamus instar potus inebriantis diversoriolo quodam Confecti subsilientis, spumantis, crepitantis nil gratum præbentis, corpore denique ac specie carentis.*

By your Leave, Gentlemen, *diversoriolo quodam* is not *Latin*. Before Substantives which express *Things*, the Preposition *in* is always placed by the Classics, and Men who understand the *Roman* Language. *Potus Confecti*, is also a Mistake, *potum Conficere* cannot signify to *brew*, which you must mean in this Place. *Cerevisiam coquere* is to *brew*, it can no more mean *brewing* than *making Punch*, it is to *make Drink* perhaps; though in General *conficere* is used in another Sense, as in *Tully*, *confectus Ætate*, worn out with Age; *Vino confectus*, drunk with wine; *conficere Cibus*, to *chew Meat*; and according to this Sense *conficere Potum*, may be to *swallow Drink*. In *Livy*, *conficere* signifies

nifications it is generally found of undoing, rather than making, but now for the good Sense in the Description of this Oration. It is *inflated*, it is *empty*, it is *turged*, *replete with Words of a Foot and a Half long*; then comes the Simile of the Drink. It is *intoxicating*, which corresponds with *empty*. It is *sparkling*, which corresponds with *empty*. It is *frothing*, which corresponds with *empty*. It is *hissing*, which corresponds with *empty*. And lastly, this *intoxicating, sparkling, frothing, hissing Drink, made in a little Ale-house, has nothing grateful in it, and never had Body or Existence, corpore denique ac specie carentis*. Oh ! rare, Gentlemen Critics, in Imitation of your O rare *Doctor Caius*, and in Consequence of your Observation, that favorite Authors are apt to be imitated. Could not you have kept your Fingers from attempting to write *Latin*, must you eternally be exhibiting your *Characters and Capacities* ?

An Exposition of *The Church Catechism*, &c. by T. Jones, M. A. This Performance you endeavour to turn into Ridicule, and call the Writer “ Quack in Divinity,” though a Master of Arts. Whatever his Title may be to writing. Well as an Author he certainly deserves to be praised for his *Piety* equally with Mr. *Macknight*, that may exist in Works of little *Learning*, and appears through the Whole of this. He acknowledges the *Divinity of Jesus Christ*, which the Other is carefull to avoid ; and yet Mr. *Macknight* is applauded for the *Piety* in his Book, where it is not found, and Mr. *Jones* ridiculed for it in this where it abounds ; but *Jones* is an *Englishman*, and *Macknight* a *Scot* ; the First of the Church of *England*, the Latter a *Presbyterian*. Men of unprejudiced Judgments still.

Having thus far advanced in examining your critical Skill on various Subjects, I come now to Doctor *Leland's* Supplement, on which it will be seen how excellently you are qualified for the theological Part of your Undertaking. You tell us “ Doctor *Leland* is deservedly admired more than

“ all the controversial Writers of the last Century, that in
 “ the first Volume he has refuted the Deistical Writers with
 “ the utmost Candour ; and in the Supplement before you,
 “ the Reader will meet with many valuable Additions.” You
 then quote what the Doctor says in his Preface, and add,
 “ We shall subjoin the Conclusion of his Preface, where he
 “ speaks of himself with that Modesty and Humility” (Vir-
 tues remarkable in yourselves, “ which are the constant Com-
 “ panions of a great and good Mind.” You then quote
 that Passage, and add, “ We know of no better Method to
 “ raise the Appetite of our Reader for the Feast of Reason
 “ and Sense, which Dr. *Leland* has prepared for him, than
 “ to present him with the Bill of Fare as it stands in the
 “ Contents prefixed to his Book.” Is it not in this Place
 a natural Question to ask how you came to think of turning
 Critics, who confessedly avow, that you know *nothing* better
 to say on an Author, than a Transcript of his Contents ?

Having quoted these Contents, you say, “ The Reader
 “ perceives how elegant an Entertainment he is invited to ;
 “ we shall give him a little Taste of every Dish, and help
 “ him (as most People do) to that Part which seemed most
 “ agreeable to our own Palate.” Having accordingly served
 up some of those Tastes out of the Doctor’s Feast, without
 one Word of the Elegancy of the Dressing. You say,
 “ The Account of this *French* Translation is curious, and
 “ Doctor *Leland*’s Observations on it extremely just ; the
 “ latter Part of the Letter is an Answer to Deism fairly
 “ stated. Towards the Conclusion the Reader will find the
 “ following Paragraph.” And then the Paragraph being
 quoted, you add, “ Letter III, is an Examination of Mr.
 “ *Hume*’s Arguments in his *Essay on Miracles*, as sent in a
 “ Letter to Doctor *Leland* ; together with Doctor *Leland*’s
 “ Answer, wherein the Reader will find the following Cha-
 “ racter of Mr. *Hume*,” which being quoted also, you sub-
 join, “ Doctor *Leland* Answers *Hume*’s Arguments on these
 “ Heads

“ Heads, and Concludes,” which being transcribed also, you add, “ Letter V, Speaking of Lord *Bolingbroke*’s Objections
 “ to an inferior dependent evil Being, such as *Satan* is represented to be, Doctor *Leland* has this Passage ;” which being inserted also, you say, “ In Doctor *Leland*’s VIIth Letter, after some very judicious Reflections on the Neglect
 “ of good and virtuous Education amongst us, the Reader will be pleased to see him recommend the Example of a
 “ Personage of the highest Character and Distinction in these Words ;” which being quoted also, we find the following.
 “ We need not perhaps inform our Readers, that this truly noble and exalted Character can only belong to that best
 “ of Mothers and Women, her Royal Highness the Princess *Dowager of Wales.*” You then say,

“ In a Postscript to this Letter, Doctor *Leland* takes Notice of a Book (which had not been sufficiently taken Notice of before, though a Work of very great Merit) intitled *The Criterion* ; written by the Reverend Mr. *Douglas*, the ingenious Author of a Vindication of *Milton*, against *Lauder*, published some Years since : This Book Doctor *Leland* justly observes, is in Regard to every Part of it, a learned and accurate Performance, and may do great Service to the christian and protestant Cause.

“ Doctor *Leland*’s VIIIth and last Letter, wherein he shews the Tendency of Irreligion and Vice to bring Misery and Ruin upon us ; and which is Written in a Vein of Piety and Goodness, peculiar to this excellent Author, concludes thus ;” which being transcribed, you add, “ The short Extracts which we have given of Doctor *Leland*’s Performance will, we apprehend, be more than sufficient Inducements to our Readers to purchase and peruse the Whole, with that Attention which it so highly deserves. The three Volumes together do certainly comprize the most perfect and complete Answer to the Deistical Writers yet Extant, and cannot be too often read, or too much

“ admired by all the Friends of Truth, Religion and Virtue.”

What admirable Capacities and Abilities you are blessed with for theological Criticism. Not a Proof of the superior Force in Doctor *Leland's* Arguments to those of his Opponents. Of the Prevalency on one side, compared with the Weakness of the other. Instances of new Lights, thrown on the Subject. Arguments better arranged. Apter Illustrations. Stronger Truths, or Fallaces defeated. Not a Word on his Extending his Reasoning farther on these Subjects, than former Writers in the Cause of Christianity. In short not a Syllable which can convey the most distant Hint, that you have ever read or examined this or any other Writer in Divinity. Every Sentence is bald Praise, unsupported with one Critical Observation of Excellency. Such is the terrible Effect of deserving Works coming before your Tribunal, and if Men reason at all on what you say, must not the Conclusion be, either that *you have tasked your Abilities* to what they are not equal, or the Letters which you Praise have no Merit; because you have made no Critical Observation, on which to found their Encomiums. In speaking on so useful pious and learned a Performance, I shall venture to impute it to the same consummate Ignorance, which has hitherto appeared in all your Critical Enquiries.

Odes by Mr. *Mason*. Of these Performances you disapprove, and tell us, “ That Ode Writing seems to have lately crept into Esteem,” and add, “ it requires the united Powers of Imagination and Judgment; together with a larger Share of true creative Genius of the *Divinæ particula Aura*, than is necessary, we had almost said, to any other Performance.”

In this Opinion you differ from *Aristotle* and *Horace*. Critics well enough for *Greeks* and *Romans*, and for their Times; you are of superior Merit, you are *Scotchmen*. For supposing there can be any Sense belonging to the Union of *Imagination*

gination and Judgment, with true *creative Genius* of the *Divinæ particula Aura*, all which Express one and the same Thing, yet is there a Critic, yourselves excepted, who contrary to the Opinion of *Aristotle*, can conceive that Ode Writing requires as much Genius as Writing a Tragedy, to which the *Greek* gives the Preference, as to the Work of greatest Excellence, and requiring the most extensive Genius to accomplish : And then to the Epic Poem. What can enter into Lyric Compositions, which is not required in the other two, Versification excepted ? And how many of the most capital Parts of Knowledge must conspire to make a Tragedy or Epic Poem, which can never enter into an Ode. And the *Divinæ particula Aura*, I suppose, is in Contradistinction to *Horace*, who writes *Auræ*, but *Horace* was a *Roman*. Pray is not this what the Grammarians call false Concord, and as bad as Doctor *Taylor's Consolatore* ? After this, you tell us, that “ *His Description* (which is our “ Author's greatest Excellence) is extremely *Soft and Har-* “ *monious.*” Pray what is soft and harmonious Description ? Did not you mean *Versification*, which may be Soft and Harmonious, though the Description may be Imperfect, and the Latter may be Just, Elegant and Natural, though the Numbers may want Softness and Harmony. Thus through the very Want of Ideas annexed to the Subjects you examine. You give Epithets which are incompatible. I shall therefore take the Liberty to congratulate Mr. *Mason*, on your Disapprobation of his Odes, as on a certain Mark of their being excellent, from your Want of Taste and Capacity to discover their Beauties.

The Practice of Painting, &c. by Mr. *Bardwell*, on which you say, “ The Painters are no doubt greatly obliged to “ Mr. *Bardwell*, for this Treatise ;” and that “ such of “ our Readers as want to be practically instructed by Mr. “ *Bradwell's* Rules, must have Recourse to the Treatise it- “ self. Others may learn his general Design, and the Me- “ thod

“ method he has followed from his own Introduction.” And then after quoting several Pages, you say, “ This is very well, if the Painter has been thoroughly grounded in Perspective, that he has all the Operations of it in perfect Readiness ;” in which you oppose *your* Opinion against the Authors, and that of *Fresnoy*, and then add, “ But if a young Painter was to proceed in Mr. *Bardwell*’s Method, it would soon appear that he had begun at the wrong End.” Thus, according to you, the Painters are obliged for a Treatise, which teaches them to begin at the wrong End ; and then you assign the Reason. “ His Sketches would probably be *too free* to be capable of receiving Correction from Geometrical Rules.” Here unluckily you stumble upon something as an *Objection*, which has been ever distinguished as the most essential Mark of *Merit* in the Sketches of young Designers, the *Freedom of the Drawing*, on which alone all Elegance and Taste is founded. For Figures may be drawn with the utmost Precision as in the Works of *Albert Duret* ; and yet from their Stiffness be totally despised, in Competition with the Grace and Freedom of *Corregio*, though less exact in the Out-Line. Thus it appears you are as excellent Critics in the literary Productions on Arts, as you are on the Works of Art, which you have already examined.

Maxim’s Characters and Reflections. On this Work your Knowledge of the *French* Language appears again in all its Lustre, you say, “ The *French* Words interspersed through the Whole are *Gauche* for *silly*.”—You mistake it is awkward, which may be present where People are *sensible*, it is the Want of *Breeding*, and not of *Understanding*. *Placé* is not accomplished, it signifies *apt*. *L’Esprit Faux*, should be Wrongheadedness, not Wrongheaded. *L’Esprit Chagrin*, Peevishness and not Peevish, Adjectives for Substantives. *Bon Ton*, good Nature. You mistake, it signifies, in Vogue, in high Life. Such are your Exhibitions of Knowledge in *French*.

Essay on the Writings and Genius of Mr. Pope. To shew your Critical Excellence in poetical Performances, I shall chuse two volunteer Criticisms, in which you have expressly deviated from the Subject, to shew your Taste of the Sublime. “ There is something great, stupendous and venerable in the Idea of the Earth as the general Parent, producing all the Animals to which it affords Sub-
“ stance, &c. The Image of a Creature’s cleaving the solid
“ Soil, and starting into Existence, is extremely Picturesque.
“ We know not a more striking Picture than the following, which we meet with in a celebrated modern Poem.”
(*Armstrong’s Poem on Health.*)

“ Girt by the burning Zone, not thus the South
“ Her swarthy Sons in either *Ind* maintains,
“ Or thirsty *Lybia* ; from whose fervid Loins
“ The Lion bursts, and every Fiend that roams
“ th’ affrighted Wilderness.

Now do you imagine there can be a more egregious Instance of false Writing, than this which you have selected as the most Sublime, and of your Knowledge in it? Figures in Writing best prove their Truth or Falseness, by being painted. Let us try that Experiment on this Passage, *Lybia* by *Prosopopæia*, becomes a female Person, from whose fervid Loins, &c. Now to paint this a black Woman must be, lying on her Belly with the Sun-beams darting fervidly on her Loins, out of which the Lion is bursting, as well as Tigers, Panthers, Hyænas, Wolves, Bears, Elephants, &c. every Fiend that roams. Is not this a most apt Image? Would it not make an admirable Picture of Generation? A black Woman bringing forth Beasts out of her Back. Must not you have conceived the true Meaning of the Author, in calling it cleaving the solid Soil? Must not the Author be exquisite in imagery who could draw such a Picture?

This

This Passage, however, is not absurd in Painting only, but in Nature also; Animals bursting from the Loins of a Female, from the Womb certainly he should have writtē, though that indeed would have made but a strange Picture. Creatures are said to be contained in the *Loins* of the Male, if you please, but never till you, Gentlemen, arose to befriend Merit, and dignify the liberal Arts, have they been said to issue from those Parts in a Female. What an extensive and just Idea you possess of the Sublime, who know not a more striking *Picture* than this? And what increases the Excellence in this Instance is, both the Author and the Critics are Physicians, who have applauded this sublime Picture of a black Woman bringing forth Lions, Tigers, Hiænas, &c. out of her Loins. What admirable Knowledge you must have of the Parts of Generation. This indeed may be a good Way to hatch Maggots, if *Lybia* were a Carcass; but the Sun hatching Lions out of a black Woman's Back, is, as your Countryman, *Macruthen* says of *Buck*, quite a *Phænomeron*.

In Fact those Northern Bards are incapable of preserving the figurative Way in Writing with any Propriety, their Compositions consist generally in false Metaphors, turgidly express'd; or in pollysyllable Words, which clothing the tritest of all Thoughts, make them look on the Outside round and strutting like a *Dutchman's* Posteriors in six Pair of Breeches, and which within are still but common Backside. Indeed it is impossible the Author or Critic could have conceived any Ideas belonging to their Words, which is a Thing extremely common amongst the *Scotish* Poets. *Blacklock*, though blind and unremembering any visible Object, talks of them in Words, of which he cannot possess the least Idea; but I imagine having heard the Poetry of *Englishmen* read to him, he has learnt Epithets without Ideas annexed; as *The Rudy Morn*; *The Orient Pearl*; *The Silver Lilly*, and a thousand Others, of which he has generally made a better Use than his Countrymen, who see; and
whose

Choice of Words are not according to the *Ideas* which they convey; but according to the Sound with which they strike their Ears, and are chosen as old Women chuse Earthenware by the Ringing, otherwise it is impossible such Blunders could have been committed as are to be found in their Writings.

Having given this Instance of your Knowledge in the Sublime, I come now to examine it in Propriety of Character. "In Page 321, the Essayist observes, that in *Homer* and "*Virgil*, every Image is the particular and unalienable Property of the Person who uses it; it is suited to no other, it is made for him alone. Though this Remark conveyed in a Sentence, which no Man can pronounce with safety to his Teeth, is generally just, we will venture to point out a Passage in the First of these admired Authors, which does not bear this Characteristic.—In the fifth Book of the *Iliad*, we find *Diomed* answering *Sthenelus*, in Terms that would have very well suited either *Achilles*, *Ajax*, *Hector*, or *Sarpedon*."

Τὸν δ' ἄρ' ὑπὸ δ'ρα ἰδὼν προσέφη κρατερὸς Διομήδης·
Μήτι φόβονδ' ἀγόρευ', ἐπεὶ ἔδέ σε πεισέμεν οἶω·
Οὐ γάρ με γενναῖον ἀλυσκάζοντι μάχεται,
Οὐδὲ καταπύσσειν· ἔτι μοι μὲν ἔμπεδόν ἐστιν·
Ὀχναίω δ' ἱππῶν ἐπιβαινέμεν· ἀλλὰ καὶ αὐτὰς
Ἀντίον ἔμι' αὐτῶν τρεῖν μ' ἐκ ἱᾶ Παλλὰς Ἀθήνη.

But him the valiant *Diomed* frowning, thus addressed;
To Flight thy Counsel never shall persuade
My Soul averse to combat with a flying Foe,
And Stranger still to Fear.—My Strength is unimpaired,
I'll not ascend the Car;—but thus on Foot
Assault them, for *Minerva* will not suffer me to fear.

Which as *Johnson* tells *Bays*, you have transposed. Pray
had Mr. *Pope* been a *Scotchman*, would you have attempt-

ed this other Translation, which proves how effectually the Spirit of an Original may be lost in a Parcel of ill-chosen Words, that have neither Energy, Harmony nor Number, and yet are not a literal Translation. The third Line has nothing relative to Soul in it, γενναῖον being *decorum*, it means with *ov*, unbecoming, and the whole Sense is mistaken. You have said,

My Soul averse to combat with a flying Foe.

Whereas the Sense is, it becomes not me *flying* to engage a Foe ; as the previous Persuasive of *Sthenelus* would have told you, could you have understood the Words. Why should the Soul of *Diomed* be averse to combat with a flying Foe ? Is it dishonourable to rout and pursue our Enemies ? But to fight and fly are dishonourable, and therefore *Diomed* replies in the Manner which I have translated it ; besides Grammar will permit no other Sense μοι ἀλυσκάζοντι, agreeing together. What Adepts you are in the *Greek Language*. Let us see how well you have succeeded in supporting the Impropriety of the Speech to the Character. In this Book *Diomed* kills *Pandarus*, and wounds *Aeneas*, the Second amongst the *Trojans*, with a Stone which two Men could not lift in the Days of *Homer*, and would have destroyed him also, had not *Venus* surrounded him with a Cloud, and preserved him. He then attacks the Deities, wounds *Venus*, and even *Mars* the God of Battle. In the next Book the Slaughter of *Diomed* is so great amongst the *Trojans*, that *Hector* the bravest of the *Trojan Army*, leaves the Battle and enters *Troy* ; expressly to desire his Mother, Queen of that City, instantly in the Fane of *Minerva* to vow a Sacrifice of twelve Oxen to that Deity, on the following Consideration.

Αἰχὴν τυδεὸς υἱὸν ἀπὸς χη' ἰλίε' ἱρῆς,

Ἄγριον αἰχμητὴν, κρατερὸν μέσσωρα φόβοιο.

Which

If she would avert *Diomed* from attacking sacred *Troy*. The fierce Warrior, the valiant Spreader of Fear or Flight. Now is not this Confession of the Dread of *Diomed's* Arms, placed in the Mouth of the most intrepid of the *Trojans*, a Demonstration of *Homer's* Preservation of Character, in the Answer which *Diomed* gives to *Sthenelus*? Again when *Hector*, in the seventh Book, challenges the *Greeks* in single Combat, *Diomed* is the next to *Agamemnon*, who offers himself; and when *Nestor* proposes to determine it by Lot, the *Greeks* looking up to Heaven pronounce

Ζεῦ πατερ ἢ αἰάντα λαχέειν ἢ Τυδεΐος υἱόν

Father of Heaven grant it may be *Ajax*, or *Diomed*.

How then can this Answer of *Magnanimity* be an Instance of Error, in Preservation of Character? In the ninth Book he opposes the Return of the *Greeks* to their Abodes, which *Agamemnon* had proposed; and tells him, he may go to *Mycenæ* if he will, but that himself and his Companions will tarry till *Troy* was subverted. Again, Book the Tenth, when *Nestor* proposes to send Spies into the *Trojan* Camp; *Diomed* is the First who offers, and who is pitched upon for that hazardous Expedition. Now pray then who is mistaken, you, or the Author and *Homer* whom you are criticising? Should not you understand the Sense and Language of a Writer, before you presume to condemn him?

Pray, Gentlemen Critics, has not your Learning ventured too far, in attempting to translate *Greek*; like Boys who presuming to swim, venture into deep Waters, and are drowned by their Rashness? You recollect I hope what you have told us, Number XVII. Page 550, of your Annals, in Speaking of the Omission of the *Latin* Translation in the Edition of *Homer*, printed at *Glasgow*. “ Besides *Homer* is
“ a Book so thumbed at School, that he has but poor Pretensions to be a *Greek* Scholar, who wants such help to the

“ Reading of him.” In what School did you thumb *Homer*, that you possess such rich Pretensions to be *Greek* Scholars? You who have err’d so egregiously in the Grammar and Sense of six Lines, and appear such absolute Strangers to the Knowledge of *Homer’s* Characters. I could risque a small Wager also, that you looked into the *Latin* Translation, when you made your own in *English*; and yet you have unhappily mistaken both. How rarely *Homer* must have been thumb’d by you: And yet Envy must confess to your Praise, you are such excellent Scholars, that no one can decide whether you understand *Greek*, *Latin*, *French* or *English* best, so equally you seem to be Masters of them all.

After having differ’d and agreed with the Criticisms of the Author you are examining, and having placed Assertion, for Taste and Distinction, in your own, you conclude with, “ You pronounce the Whole a Work of Taste and Learning;” having before ascribed it to a *North-Briton*, Page 228, which probably actuated not a little to that favourable Declaration; and which, though the Author of it deserves much more than you have said, may be as justly ascribed to a *Hottentot*, as to a *Scotchman*, that Gentleman being an *Englishman*. Thus you not only Attempt to depreciate the Works of good Authors, who are known to be *English*, but claim those who are Anonymous and of Merit, to enrich the List of *Scotch*. Rare Proofs of unprejudiced Integrity.

Aphorismata Medica, &c. Auctore Richardo Manningham, &c. In your critical Enquiry on this Work, you tell us the Contents of the Book, and that in the title Page, he gives an Instance of bad *Latin*, *utero Gerentium* instead of *in utero Gestantium*; in which you are as much out as Sir Richard. In the Preposition should have been placed before *utero*, for the same Reason, that you should have placed it before *diversiforulo*; but *Gerentium* is as good *Latin* as *Gestantium*, and both are promiscuously used by *Pliny*, and other *Latin* Writers. Many of the Errors you have mentioned proceed from the
 Pres,

Prefs, and when you object to, “ It is universally agreed
 “ that Physic ought to begin where natural Philosophy ends ;”
 and say, “ He does not consider that Physic is a Part of na-
 tural Philosophy.” You Mistake, for though the Expression
 may be something Inaccurate, the Sense is just. It means
 where the Study of natural Philosophy ends, Medicine, the
Practice of Physic, as the Original says, *Medicinam*, begins ;
 which signifies, that Physicians should have studied before
 they begin to practice. How well you have observed this
 Rule, is apparent from your Criticisms. Nothing can be
 more visible than your Desire to find Errors in this Writer,
 as well as in that of the following, *Hydrops Disputatio Me-*
dica, by Doctor *Lawrence* ; which however imperfect these
 two Pieces of *English* Physicians may appear to your Judg-
 ment, they have at least equal Merit with any Thing of
 the Kind produced by the Physicians of *Scotland*, to whom
 you are so partial in the Eyes of all honest Men. You re-
 member Doctor *Greive* was a Man of Learning, who nei-
 ther understands *English* nor *Latin* ; and yet Doctor *Lawrence*
 is sarcastically stiled the learned Doctor, of whose Title to
 that Appellation, no Man who knows him ever doubted.
 Nor is Doctor *Lawrence* the only Person whom you treat un-
 justly in this Place, Doctor *Nicholls* is lugged into your Criti-
 cisms, to participate of your *Gentleman-like* Reflections with-
 out all Cause, which can be discovered by your Readers, un-
 less it be the Hate or Envy which you shew to the Faculty,
 who are *English* or *Irish*.

The Occasional Patriot, in which the very hackney'd Truths,
 that you have so much decry'd in the third Letter to the
 People of *England* ; are again adopted and hackney'd by you,
 when after saying, “ This is a Wolf in Sheeps Clothing ;”
 amongst a hundred other Questions, you ask, “ Why did
 “ not the Elector of *Hanover*, like other Potentates, engage
 “ in Alliances and defensive Treaties, with his Neighbours
 “ on equitable Terms ? Why did not he enter into an Associa-
 “ tion

“ tion, bound and united by a common Sense of mutual In-
 “ terest and Safety ; instead of stipulating to pay exorbitant
 “ Sums of Money for that Assistance, which true Allies will
 “ never refuse to give, without such sordid Considerations.”
 This, and much more of the same Kind you have Writ-
 ten.

Now tell me how come the Truths in the third Letter to resemble the Ravings of a Lunatic ? Why have you changed Opinions, and become the very Things you pretended to despise ? Is not your Hero as much like a Madman looking out of a Mad-house in *Chelsea*, or the treasonable old Woman, who swept the Passage to the Park, as the Author of the third Letter ? Who deserves to have his Ears fixed to the Pillory now ? But you are all Gentlemen of *unwarped* and *uninfluenced Judgments*, of uniform and consistent Characters. In a like Strain you express your Criticisms on a Pamphlet, called, *The Important Question*, we shall see how you change again in a little Time.

The general History of Polybius translated from the Greek, by Mr. Hampton. On this Subject, after a short Declamation of the excellent Translations in *French*, from ancient Authors, you say, “ It is with the greatest Pleasure, we
 “ take this Opportunity of congratulating the literary World
 “ on so valuable an Acquisition as Mr. Hampton’s *Polybius* ;
 “ which after a careful Perusal and Comparison of it with the
 “ Original, we would recommend to our Readers as a faithful,
 “ elegant, and finished Performance.”

Without doubt, Gentlemen, you who have shewn such intimate Acquaintance with the Writings of *Polybius*, by the Criticism which you have already made on a Fragment of one Page only, prefixed to *Blackwell’s* Memoirs, must have compared this whole Work carefully with the Original ; and your Readers from the Skill in *Greek*, which you exhibited on that Passage, translated by your learned and ingenious Countryman ; must undoubtedly conclude, that this Translation of
Polybius

Polybius is faithful, elegant, and finished, and thoroughly compared with the Original.

To what Absurdities will not a peculiar Fondness for what we wish to possess reduce us. The Desire of being thought *Greek* Scholars, seems to be the ruling Dæmon which has entered into your *Sett* of *Scotch* Gentlemen Critics, and which like that in the *Herd* of Swine, has hurried you to Destruction. You who do not understand one Page of that Author, as hath I believe been already proved, have presumed to say, this Translation is *faithful*; and though no Proof could have been given of your Ignorance in *Greek*; to have delivered so round a Panegyric you must, as Mr. *Hampton* modestly expresses of himself, have traced the Author closely through his own peculiar Turn Use of Sentiments and Language, by comparing different Texts, consulting different Versions, and weighing all the Explanations and Corrections, that have occasionally been proposed. Have you done this? Is there a Man upon Earth, who thinks you capable of it? If your Capacities were equal to it, would not you have given Instances of the judicious Choice, accurate Knowledge of the Style, and intimate Acquaintance with the peculiar Manner of thinking in *Polybius*, which are to be found in Mr. *Hampton's* Translation; in Praise of which too much cannot be said, since it may be justly founded on the Reasons before mentioned, and which you have omitted. In Fact your Passion for being thought *Greek* Scholars, like other Passions in Excess, has led you into so many Absurdities to obtain that which flies from you, that your little Learning is totally exhausted; and that peculiar Object never enjoyed, as hath been shewn also on your Knowledge of *Homer*. The Praise of Mr. *Hampton*, though an *Englishman*, from you must be ascribed to the prevailing Folly of being thought *Greek* Scholars, and not to his Merit, which is extremely Great.

The

The next Thing which I shall remark amongst your Criticisms, is *A Compendium of authentic and entertaining Voyages, &c.* This Collection of Voyages it is we imagine, that produced that genteel Criticism on the History of *America*, written by Mr. *Rolt* : A Child of your Hero, which, however imperfect it may be, is still treated with great Fondness by the Parent. Wherefore “ you will venture to recommend “ to your fair Countrywomen, this Collection which seems “ to have been selected with Judgment, which are capable “ of giving the Reader more Satisfaction, as well as more “ Improvement, than Works of this Nature can generally “ pretend to. Amongst which *The History of Antonio de “ Solis*, is recommended as one of the best Histories which “ ever was written ; the Stile of the Original is nervous, “ elegant, and beautiful, and the Author’s Reflections in “ the Course of this Work not unworthy the Pen of a *Thucydides* or a *Livy*.” All this, Gentlemen Critics, may be in the Original, but it has totally escaped in Translating. Why have not you taken Occasion to shew the Truth of this Assertion, by some Comparison between the *Spanish*, and the *Greek* and *Latin* Authors, and the Excellence of his Style, with the Accuracy of the Translation ; which being omitted, mere *English* Readers are apt to pay small Attention to what you say.

Then comes the Character of Sir *Francis Drake*, selected to shew the Skill of drawing Characters in the Compiler. In this, as we shall farther observe in his History of *England*, he is totally devoid of Art or Knowledge. His Productions of this Kind resemble the Characters in News-Papers of *eminent* Tallow Chandlers, who were this, and that, and the other Thing : Without Diversification in the Style, fixing the most characterising Particulars of the Person, arranging them so as to strike with most Force, tracing them to their Fountains in the human Frame, by an ingenious Contrast displaying them to most Advantage, which like Light and Shade in a Picture,
gives

gives them Strength and Relief, or exhibiting the Inconsistencies of the same Individual in a Manner by which they may not appear Impossibilities and Contradiction. This Method of drawing Characters, it appears he has not shewn the minutest Idea of having ever conceived; and indeed as in the Prints engraved by Mr. *Strange*, you have endeavoured to place incongruous Passions, which cannot be exprest in one Face; so it is evident also, he frequently compounds Qualities in Characters, which never can exist together in one Individual, as will be seen more evidently hereafter. In the Present, is it not a Contradiction too glaring, to say, “ *Drake* was Patient in hearing Advice and judicious in accepting it, yet open to the grossest Adulation?” The Patience of Advice seldom accompanies the excessive Love of Flattery. And how a Man, who was capable of being carried away by the grossest Adulation, could be judicious in accepting Advice, seems to me impossible to be comprehended. It may as well be said, that an Arrow shot from a Bow, flies contrary Ways. In Truth this Author seems to think the Character of a Man becomes curious, for being cram’d with a multiplicity of Particulars; like a Cherry-stone, in which is placed the whole Furniture of a Room in Miniature. The Metaphor at the Close is worth Observation also, as a Proof of his Skill in the Preservation and Knowledge of figurative Writing. “ The Disappointments of his last Voyage sat *heavy* on his *swelling* Heart.” Is not *swelling* an apt Image of something *pressed* down by a *heavy* Weight?

After this there is a Transcript from *The Account of the Carthagena Expedition*; consisting of known and vulgar Observation, after which the Admiral is said to be “ A weak, prejudiced, arrogant, and passionate Man,” and not a single Word of his being an able Seaman and marine Commander, which I think few Men deny him. And that “ The General had some Parts, but was defective in Experience, Confidence and

“ Resolution.” Methinks Confidence and Resolution are so much the same Thing in this Place, it is difficult to distinguish them. If he was diffident of himself, he wanted Resolution. If he was diffident of others, he wanted either Parts (which you say he had) or Resolution; thus these two Words convey no more than one Idea, or are a Contradiction to his having Parts. And lastly, you end with the prettiest and most apt Metaphor, that can be imagined. “ It is
 “ greatly preferable to any other, on Account of its Size;
 “ we are inclined to think, that Few of our Readers, who
 “ are Fond of sailing, will chuse to embark in an expensive
 “ *Folio*, when they can thus be accomodated with as safe and
 “ speedy, and at the same Time, a much cheaper Passage in
 “ a *Duodecimo*.”

Here you make as many Blunders as can well be conceived in Writing so short a Passage. First of all the comparing a Folio and Duodecimo of Voyages, to two Vessels, in which a Voyage is to be made, is a grievous Error. You mistake the Scaffold for the Pile; The Book is certainly Analogous to the Voyage or Tract of Space passed over, and not to the Ship in which it is past, that is rather the Chair in which the Reader sits. You meant to say, I suppose, that your Readers would rather chuse to make these Voyages in a *short* Time, which is Analogous to the Reading a *little* Book; than in a *longer* Time, which is Analogous to the Reading a Folio. And even supposing the Affinity in your Way of Books to Vessels, is there any Person who would prefer sailing in a little Boat through Storms and Dangers to such remote Parts of the World, to that of sailing in a Man of War; and the saving Money to the Preservation of Life. From the Justness of these Passages, let the Merit of the Work be concluded.

An Essay on Waters, &c. by C. Lucas, M. D. On this Performance you set out in a Strain of inimitable Wit, on Doctor Lucas, and on Doctor Shebbeare; “ both have appeared
 like

“ like Comets, like *Phosphorus*, and like *Lapis Infernalis*; both
 “ are Apothecaries, Chemists, Physicians, and Politicians.” If
 they are Apothecaries, what are you? That they are Chemists they do not deny, and can prove; that you are not, has, and will be proved in these Sheets; and surely being Chemists, cannot make them worse Physicians. As to their being Politicians, that is a Thing in common with them and you as Critics on political Writings. If they have manifested any understanding in this latter Part, it is a Proof that they have Sense; and a fair Induction, that being Chemists and Physicians, they understand their Profession of Physic. If Goodwill to their Country, that their Hearts are upright, of both which you have yet given no Proof in your Criticisms. But why this Union of Doctor *Shebbeare*, and Doctor *Lucas*, in a Criticism on a Treatise, in which Doctor *Shebbeare* has no Concern, and with which he has no Affinity? Let me then tell you and my Readers, the Cause of thus uniting these two Physicians. It seems the caustic Quality, or *Lapis Infernalis* of your Souls, rejoiced to catch any Opportunity, however absurd, to attempt corroding a Mark of your Hate on Doctor *Shebbeare*; because in his Treatise of Physic he has proved, that three *Scotch* Physicians have purloined what they have written, from Doctor *Harvey*; not comprehended the Subject; and never acknowledged the Theft. You would do well then to disprove those Principles, which he has endeavoured to establish in a Profession, which greatly stood in Need of them, or your Wit evinces nothing but Envy against the Man and his Writings. I would gladly know whether you, who will not “ Affect to draw odious Comparisons,” did not step out of the Way in this Place purposely to attempt it, in which you have missed your Aim also. Doctor *Shebbeare* being very willing to be link’d with any Physician, provided he be not one of you *Scotchmen*, against which there are Reasons natural and moral.

On the general Idea of Salts. You say, "He must have a chemical Head, and a strong propensity to this Species of natural Knowledge; who can readily conceive and retain this general Idea, which is so perplexed, dry, and disgusting, that an ordinary Reader, before he has apprehended one Half of it, will be apt to think *the Salt has lost it's Savour.*" Admirable Joke indeed! And yet I would gladly know how you, who have neither chemical Heads, nor Propensity strong enough to this Species of Knowledge; have presumed to be Critics in Chemistry, and Practitioners in Physic. And have *apprehended*, that an ordinary Reader will condemn the *Whole*, before he has read the *Half*. Is not this the Way you proceed in your Criticisms? The Description of the vitriolic Acid is precise and skilful, and can appear otherwise to none, but such as through Want of that Branch of physical Education, have no Ideas accompanying the Words they read.

On the Fluidity of hot and cold Water, which Doctor *Lucas* has offer'd to show are the same; because whatever is capable of containing cold Water, is capable of holding hot, your Remark is a flagrant Exhibition of your Ignorance in natural Philosophy. You say, "We shall venture to tell the Doctor, that *hot* Water is not so likely to pass, as *cold* Water; because *Heat* rarifies and extends the Particles, consequently renders them less penetrating." In which as you did on *Homer*, you have ventured too far, and are mistaken. First of all no Philosopher has ever conceived, that in Rarification of Fluids, the component Particles have been enlarged, those continuing always the same; and the greater Space which a Fluid takes up in being rarified, is not from an Alteration of the Size of the Particles, but from their being removed further from each other. Next of all they would more likely pass a smaller Pore when Hot than Cold, is evident also from the same Cause: The Attraction between them being diminished by the Heat; a Particle will more probably pass a Pore in that State than in the other, where
all

all the Particles are held together by a stronger Union; and this can be proved by a Multiplicity of Experiments on Steam. Are not you excellent Critics in natural Philosophy? After going on in your Quotations, without one Criticism of chemical Science, you then contradict Doctor *Lucas*; who affirms that Sea-Water has neither Colour nor Smell, and this you support by saying, “ You have smell’d, or thought “ you have smell’d the Sea at such a Distance from Land, “ that your olfactory Nerves, could *not possibly* be affected “ by any *Production* from the *Shore*. In which you seem to have forgotten the *Ship*, a *Production* from the *Shore*, which probably you Smelt, and on board which you were (at least it was possible) and then “ You have perceived, or thought “ you perceived a fine *Sea-green Tincture* on the Surface of “ the Water.” That is, you perceived that the Sea was of its natural Hue, wonderful indeed! And after all, if there was a *Sea-green Tincture* on the *Surface only*, would not this rather prove it some heterogeneous Mixture than Sea-Water? And as Naturalists know, that there is an aquatic Moss, which appears much in the Manner you have described: Might not this be that vegetable?

Had you been Men of unwarped Integrity, would you have attempted to throw the Idea of Contempt on this Production and the Author, when you are obliged to confess “ The third Volume contains a Series of judicious, accurate, and minute Experiments upon the hot Waters of “ *Aix-la-Chapelle*, and Accounts for the Heat in a Manner “ equally simple and convincing.” And to which I will venture to add, in this Doctor *Lucas* hath shewn more chemical Knowledge, than is to be found in all the Writers of *Scotchmen*, on the Subject of Chemistry. But Doctor *Lucas* is an *Irishman*, and Doctor *Shebbeare* an *Englishman*; against whom, and all of the same Country, who are Physicians, you seem purposely to level your impertinent Witticisms; but can this be denominated or conceived Criticism where not
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one Spark of Knowledge can be distinguish'd. Would not your Hero have done well to have made another Voyage as Surgeon's Mate, before he pretended to decide on the Properties of Sea-Water, and turn'd Physician, Author, and Critic.

I come once more to your Criticism of the Works of Artists, in which you say, " We can boast a *Hogarth*, " and a *Hayman* for *Design*." In which unhappily you pitch upon an Excellence, for which Mr. *Hogarth* is not esteemed; Invention and Expression justly belong to him, but Design (Drawing) was never imagined to be a superior Qualification in that Artist. " A *Strange* and *Grignion*, for *Drawing* " and Engraving," by which it would seem, that placing *Design* above, and *Drawing* in this Place, you conceive them to be distinct Things. You mistake again: However excellent Mr. *Grignion* may Engrave, he is known not to be excellent in Drawing. And Mr. *Wilton*, I apprehend, will plume himself but little on the Panegyric of Critics, who say, " There we see the *Elegance* of the *Belvidere Apollo*, " starting from the Block, that seems to have enclosed him." What an Image! The *Elegance* of *Apollo*, for a Figure which all Judges have conceived to be more than Human; *starting*, whereas he is standing still, looking at the Effect of his Arrow, which he has just discharged; and *from the Block which seems to surround him*; thus all the Chips and Raspings, which have been cut and filed off the Marble to form the Statue, seem to surround him.

The next is yet more apt and illustrative of the Subject. " There we view the *Venus* of *Medicis* emerging from the " Marble with all the Graces of feminine Beauty." What a Description of this divine Exhibition of Sculpture, a naked Woman standing up with her Hands endeavouring to conceal, what decency chuses to cover, turning her Head towards a Noise, which gives her the Apprehension of being seen, is term'd *emerging* from the Marble. Can you have
conceived

conceived any Idea of this Figure? Have not you praised it as you did the *Endymion* of *Laura*, without having seen it? Have not you mistaken it for the *Venus*, rising from the Bath? Or are you really as ignorant in penetrating the Ideas and Excellence of the Sculptor and his Productions, as you seem? Have not you task'd your Abilities too far, in pretending to delineate the Plan of every Work with Accuracy, and point out the Excellencies, to dignify the liberal Arts, and contribute towards the Formation of a public Taste. When will your Reservoir of Knowledge be full? Or rather, when will it have any Thing in it?

The civil and natural History of Jamaica, by Patrick Brown, M. D. You begin this Criticism with much Wit against this Folio Volume, not despairing to see one of equal Size, written on the Isle of Dogs, near *Greenwich*, and Duck Island, in *St. James's Park*; and then you say, "We would recommend these Subjects to some learned Inquirer, such as the indefatigable Doctor *Parsons*, or the minute Mr. *Baker*, who have been so long peeping into the Secrets of Nature." Pray, Gentlemen Critics, why are these Subjects recommended by Way of Derision to those Writers? As Naturalists, the Subjects they have treated have been well handled, and well received. The Former of these has evidently proved himself your Master in his Answer to your unmannerly Criticism. Would not you have done well, as Physicians, to have peep'd into the Secrets of Nature? Or are you angry, because Nature has denied you the Powers of peeping into her Secrets? As an Encouragement to the Undertaking, you tell these Gentlemen, "That in the Isle of Dogs, they will find the Frog full bellied, like a Senator." By Way of Compliment to the Senators of *England*, it must be; because those of *Scotland* are too Lean for the Comparison, by being obliged to walk so far to Parliament, or by being Sea-sick on the Voyage from *Barroustouness* to *London*. "In Duck Island, they will some-
times

“ times meet with very extraordinary Anthropomorphites, “ which are not to be found in any other Country ;” which is undoubtedly design’d as a *national* Compliment on the Inhabitants of *England*, from the whole Turn of the Writing. But why were these Subjects recommended to Doctor *Parsons* and Mr. *Baker*, are there no hireling *Scotch* Doctors out of Employment, and of sufficient Abilities, whom the Book-fellers would entrust with such a Work ? Would not you do well to reserve this Work for yourselves, as Work may soon be scarce with you ? After having thus far endeavour’d to ridicule the Author, Doctor *Parsons*, Mr. *Baker*, the Senators, and Natives of *England*, you come at last to exert your farcistical Talents on the whole Kingdom of *Ireland*, of which the Author is a Native. You say, “ As for the “ Ass, he is found upon the Island of *Jamaica*, though not in “ great Plenty.—The Animal he mentions is known by the “ *Cauda extrema Setosa* ; but the most Laborious of these Species is brought from *Ireland*, and distinguished by the *Cauda “ longissima tendinosa, triquetra Sæpissime arreata*, though in “ all probability *Linnaeus*, had he been acquainted with this “ Creature, would have classed him amongst the Anthropo- “ phites.”

In this Way with much Manners and as much Justice, you Compliment the Natives of *Ireland*, with being a Parcel of Asses, a Compound of Lasciviousness and Stupidity ; for this only can be the Meaning of making the *Irish* Ass an Anthropomorphite. As to the indecent Part I am no Judge of it, I leave it therefore to be discussed by your old Love *Oeconomist*. But with respect to Stupidity, I shall endeavour to vindicate the Natives of *Ireland*, from that Imputation. The most concise and fairest Way to obtain which, will be to insert the Names of Writers, that are Natives of *Ireland*, and then you may draw another List of your Countrymen, and the World may compare them together. Amongst those of *Ireland*, are to be found *Usher*, *Boyle*, *Molesworth*, *Swift*, *Parnel*, *Congreve*,
Farquhar,

Farquhar, Delany, Leland the Divine, Leland Translator of Demosthenes, Hutchyson, whom your Countrymen have boasted of as their own, *Berkley, Steel, Roscommon* and others; that you may have a *longer List* than the Above; I make no Doubt; but can you produce amongst your Number those whom Men of Capacity will pronounce of *equal Genius*? And as dull Authors have ever been represented by Asses, to what Country can they with such Propriety be imputed, as to yours, in which the greatest Number is to be found. *Vide* your own Works, &c.

Now, Gentlemen, you will be pleased to remember, that whatever national Reflections may seem to be found in this Examination of your critical Annals, they are no more than what are justly return'd to those which you have begun with; and indeed what can be a more convincing Proof of your Design to throw Contempt on the Nations of *England* and *Ireland*; than the illiberal Attempts you have been guilty of to make the literary Productions of those Kingdoms look ridiculous, by decrying the Writers of them; however meritorious, and exalting or palliating those of *Scotland*, however absurd and contemptible, of which Truth your next Object of Criticism will afford an ample Proof.

Essays and Observations — Read before a Society in *Edenburgh*. You begin, “ This is a Work carried on by a “ learned Society, to which the World of Medicine and “ Physics has been very much obliged.” You tell us then, this *learned Society* “ Is endowed with *Learning*.” This Plumb-Pudding has Plumbs in it. “ And will contribute to “ the Improvement of Philosophy, not only by their own “ Hints, but by exciting an Emulation among People, who “ without their Example would never have dreamed of exercising their Faculties.” From which I conclude the Works of this Society must be excellent to read just going to sleep

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for the Sake of *Dreaming* on Philosophy and Learning, a Remark which flipt your *Capacities*.

You then add, “ While other learned Societies honoured
“ with the Countenance of Royalty, and encouraged by ex-
“ clusive Privileges, are employed in praising dead, and per-
“ secuting living Merit.” By the Latter of which probably
you mean the Exclusion of Doctor *Ross*, from the Royal So-
ciety ; who, I hope, though he be shut out from the Num-
ber of *Fellows*, will be taken in amongst the Number of *Cu-
riofities*, against which I imagine no Man can form a reason-
able Objection. You continue, “ Or engaged in delineat-
“ ing Reptiles, and classing Cockle-Shells, this little private
“ Band of true Philosophers exert their Talents in those Pur-
“ suits, which tend to the Ease, Convenience, and real Ad-
“ vantage of their fellow Creatures.

Let us now see on what, according to your Account, who
have declared them Learned and Philosophic, and depreciated
the Royal Society, those honourable Appellations are founded.
The Articles you quote, which I suppose are the best, by
which to prove what you Assert, are the following.

“ The fourth Article on Light and Colours abounds with
“ ingenious Observations.” Not one of which is quoted.
“ Though we apprehend some of the Author’s Notions, are
“ rather fanciful than solid.” Which you quote, as in “ Dew
“ Drops not touching Coleworts, but *hanging* over them by
“ Virtue of a *repulsive* Power.” An odd Way of *hanging*
that from something *below*. There is no great Philosophy nor
Learning this, though there may be Magic.

“ The sixth Article gives a plain, easy, Solution of a Pro-
“ blem, proposed by *Kepler*,” which has been solved before,
no more than another Way to the same Place. Not much
Philosophy or Learning here.

“ The Experiments described in the subsequent Article to
“ prove, that Cold is generated by evaporating Fluids, we
“ apprehend

“ apprehend are trifling, and inconclusive.” Not much Learning or Philosophy here, I presume.

“ The eighth Article contains, *Experiments upon Magnesia Alba*, which though a fashionable Purge, is very *Insipid*.” The very Excellency of the Thing, because by that it is adapted to Children, who reject Things which have Taste. “ *Uncertain*,” when improperly applied ; but where there are Acidities in the Stomach, it absorbs them ; and thus becoming a neutral Salt, never fails Purging. “ *Ineffectual Medicine*,” not when Physicians can distinguish those who are, and those who are not proper Subjects to take it. This however you say, “ Does more Harm than Benefit.” Lime Water is a coarse, inelegant Preparation, and of very doubtful Efficacy, notwithstanding all that has been said in it’s Praise, by the *Physicians* and *Chemists* of *Edinburgh*.” That must be an obstinate Medicine indeed, that will still be coarse and *ineffectual*, notwithstanding it is praised by *Scotch Physicians* and *Chemists*.

These then afford ample Proof of your Ignorance in Medicine, and as you have decryed both, can be no Proof in *your* Opinions of the Learning and Philosophy of this Society.

“ The twentieth Article is filled with the Account of such Barbarities, as must fill every human Reader with Horror.” And then you ask, “ What Benefit has Mankind reaped from all this Cruelty and Torture inflicted upon our fellow Creatures.” Hence then no *Ease*, *Convenience*, or real *Advantage* to our fellow Creatures, is to be derived.

“ The twenty-first Article contains, *The History of a complete Luxation of the Thigh*, by *Doctor Mackenzie*.” Not much Philosophy or Learning here, and not much Advantage, as it is a Thing which happens extremely rare.

Article twenty-two, *Some Observations on the new Method of curing the Cataract, &c.* by Thomas Young, Surgeon in Edinburgh. Here you quote the Author's Words, amongst which are "Six Cataracts *luckily cast up* last Summer in the "royal Infirmary at *Edinburgh*." I wish you had translated this Passage into *English*; does he mean, that *six* Cataracts being *cast up*, or numbered, *luckily made six* last Summer; which *six* might have been *five or seven*, any other Summer? Or is it *luckily* for the *Edinburgh* Infirmary or for the Author, that *six* Cataracts make *six*. However, he says true enough, the Method is much the same with that "Practised by *M. Daviel*, and exactly the same with that of *Mr. Sharp*." Consequently not much Philosophy or Learning here.

Article twenty-nine, "*The Description of the American or Yellow-Fever, by Doctor Lining, of Charles-Town, in South-Carolina, we recommend to the Perusal of our Readers. The Method of removing Obstructions of the Catamenia by a Ligature, described in the thirty-first Article, is an ingenious Expedient.*" You then "Pronounce the Book a very valuable Collection of medical Histories, and philosophical Essays." As you have given no one Quotation of Learning or Philosophy, in Doctor *Lining's* Description, I conclude it has none; and I am sure your Description of making the Catamenia flow by tying the Vessels, wants much Explanation to make me believe the Expedient ingenious. Thus then we are now happily arrived at the End of all your Reasons for declaring, that this Society is *Philosophical* and *Learned*; which while others are engaged in Trifles, is exerting it's Talents for the "Ease, Convenience, and real Advantage of their fellow Creatures." Pray, Gentlemen, would not your *unwarped Integrity* and *unprejudiced Judgment*, have pronounced this a despicable Book, had the Society consisted of *English or Irishmen*? Or are you *Honest* and *Ignorant*?

A Vindication of natural Society, &c. This you tell us was written by a Student in the *Temple*. You enumerate what he has said, and tell us, “ In regard to Despotism, he is of Opinion with Mr. *Locke*, that it is worse than Anarchy; “ which is a Point, notwithstanding, that perhaps may Admit of some Dispute;” and if you undertake the Dispute, there is scarce a *perhaps*, that you will not support it against him and Mr. *Locke*. He is then called *Pseudo Bolingbroke*, and you tell at last, that he is a good Actor, and not unlike the Character he represents; and then dismiss him with a small Fragment of *Latin*, which happens not to be Grammar, as your superior Knowledge has altered it from *Virgil*. The Original says *Divini*, but you know better, and have changed it to *Divinu*. This Sentence in its Application signifies, that the Writer having personated the external Part of *Bolingbroke*, was yet no more than Sound without Sentiment.

A Criticism as unjust as can be delivered, but it is remarkable, that through the Whole of your Annals, whatever is of Merit, and of *English* or *Irish* Growth, as *this* is, it is generally dismissed with a Stroke of sarcastic Disapprobation; and whatever is of *Scotch*, though as barren as the Highland-Heaths, on which you first browsed, with a Mark of Applause.

“ *The Use of Sea-Voyages in Medicine*, by Ebenezer Gilchrist, M. D. This is a laudable Attempt to revive an ancient Practice, which has been long much neglected.” Not by your Countrymen I am sure.

You say, “ In the first Chapter our Author is at considerable Pains to prove, that the Air at Sea is very different from that at Land; that it is not only more moist, but that it is more simple and elastic, more agitated, warmer, and acts with greater Impetus; besides, that it is strongly impregnated, not only with Sea-Salt, and what is commonly called Bittern; but with oily, bituminous, sulphurous

“ rious Effluvia, and *even* an acid Spirit constantly ascending
“ in the Vapour.”

Having read this Paragraph of your Criticisms, I concluded the Author had been at great Pains to prove all this by some Analysis of Sea-Air; but it appears he has taken all these Qualities upon Trust, not having given one Experiment to confirm the Truth of them. Indeed before I had seen the Book, from your Remarks there seemed just Reason to suspect the Truth of what Doctor *Ebenezer*, and you had delivered, it seemed something difficult to reconcile from the known Properties of *Land-Air*, how *Sea-Air* could at one Time be more *humid*, and yet more *elastic* than the Air on Land, elastic and dry Air being almost synonymous Terms. Is it not therefore as much a Contradiction as to say, that Sea-Air is at once more *moist*, and more *dry*, more *elastic*, and more unelastic, than the Air on Land; which puts me in Mind of a certain Woollen-Draper, who recommended the same Piece of Cloth for being warm and cool, according as his Customers wanted to have it in Winter or Summer. In this Place do not, you Gentlemen Critics and Physicians, as well as Doctor *Ebenezer*, seem to be strangers to the most known Property of Air, and therefore to be excellent Critics in physical Enquiries.

You tell us after him, it is impregnated with Sea-Salt and Bittern. Here again you all seem once more to be totally ignorant of Chemistry, neither the Earth of Sea-Salt nor of Bittern, being to be carried into the Air with the Heat, which is to be found in the Atmosphere, nor with any Degree of Fire. Indeed the acid Spirit of Sea-Salt, is probably in the Sea-Air; because that will rise with a small Heat, in a small Quantity; but then, that Spirit being divided from the Earth of Sea-Salt, is as different from the Salt, as a Neutral is from an Acid; which every chemical Physician knows to be very great, though you seem to be Strangers to it. Pray, Gentlemen, would not you have been more justly entitled to
your

your Degrees, had you been Chemists like Doctor *Lucas* and Doctor *Shebbeare*, before you turned Doctors and Critics? In like Manner, that the Sea-Air should be more filled with oily, bituminous and sulphureous Particles, than the Air at Land, seems not a little singular. These particular Substances, are rather Products of the Earth than Sea, and consequently the Exhalations will be more replete with them on the Land, than on the Ocean; but probably you Critics and Doctor *Ebenezer* may Reason, that they are more likely to be found where they are *not*, than where they *are*. Otherwise I know not how he can found, and you approve of a Practice built on a Theory; the Principles of which cannot exist in the Manner he says.

That the Operation of Vomiting may produce very salutary Effects on Board Ship, as well as on Shore, is not to be doubted; but ought it not to be considered, whether, that Vomiting may not be too violent, too long continued and not within the Power of a Physician to moderate or stop? And therefore in many Particulars a very dangerous Prescription. As to the Exercise which, he says, is produced from the Motion of a Ship, this I think can scarce be denominated Exercise, there being extremely little of muscular Exertion at first; and by habitude none, as no Lassitude ever ensues. As to the greater Pressure of Air at Sea than at Land, Barometers have discovered no such Quality in a marine Atmosphere. How therefore is it known to exist? And pray what can the additional Force of the Winds be greater at Sea, than at Land? Or what is the Force of the Wind to effect on the human Body, which is carried frequently in Opposition to the Wind, by the diurnal Motion of the Earth, without perceiving any Alteration from that of going with it?

After all then, the Pains which Doctor *Ebenezer* has been at, are no more than the Pains of forming a Number
of

of vague Conjectures, contrary to the known Principles in Natural Philosophy, of which both he and you seem to be absolutely ignorant.

The Histories of Cures, which he has given to confirm his Theory, it is plain, cannot be the Consequence of what he supposes, because the Qualities do not exist in the Manner he and you conjecture; and it may be said with great Truth, that Thousands of Volumes might be written to prove the same salutary Effects of changing Air on Land, and therefore, such Cures depend not more peculiarly from Sea than Land Air.

Indeed, I am surprized, that amongst his Histories of Cures, Doctor *Ebenezer* has given none of the most endemical Disease amongst the *Scotch*, which has been long known to be cured by the Use of Sea Voyages, particularly from *Borroustonness* to *London*; the most general Symptom of this Malady is a certain prurient Scab between the Fingers, Cures of which some of you might have given from the Histories of your own Cases, and which he might have added in his Supplement, to prove that you have been at least acquainted with the Cure of one Disorder, and for the Good of his and your Countrymen.

Such, however, is your Ignorance in Medicine, or Partiality to the *Scotch*, or probably both in this Criticism on Dr. *Ebenezer's* Performance.

A plain Account of the Cause of Earthquakes, &c. "The professed View of this curious Piece, you say, is to prove, that
 "Earthquakes are occasioned by Electricity; and to explain
 "the great Thump that was generally heard in the upper Part of
 "Houses. We are afraid the learned Gentleman's own upper
 "Story has received a rude Thump." Very witty and genteel Criticism indeed, which is farther displayed below; "But it
 "seems a Gardener saw *Harcourt-Buildings* nod, and heard the
 "Thump at the Top." Perhaps the Gentleman and the Gardener

“ dener had been drinking their Morning Pot together ;” Wit and Criticism even more *Gentlemanlike* than the former. Lastly, you add ; “ If any Man doubts of the Author’s Capacity, “ let him look into his Treatise on Fire ; and should he still “ doubt, verily we pronounce him a very obstinate Sceptic, “ and would prescribe him a Course of burning Charcoal “ for the Purification of his Intellects. In the mean Time “ we own there is Matter in this Performance, though not “ ripe for Discharge, and, therefore, we cannot call it *Pus* “ *laudabile*.” Was there ever a Physician that prescribed burning Charcoal, or a Sea Surgeon’s Mate that has created so much Wit and genteel Criticism out of a Pun taken from a disgusting Part of his Profession, till you became the Friends of Merit, and the Dignifiers of the liberal Arts ? Pray try the burning Charcoal on your own Intellects.

Dr. *Mooney* is treated with Contempt for his Dissertation ; Mr. *Whalley* meets the same Fate for his Edition of *Ben Johnson* ; and Dr. *Warburton*, *Seward* and *Grey* are lugged into the same Situation, though they have Nothing to do with this Edition. We come once more to your Criticism, on Painting : You tell us, Mr. Hogarth has just finished three large Pictures for the Altar-piece of *Redcliff-Church*, at *Bristol*. “ The Middle Piece, which is by much the largest, “ represents the Ascension of our Saviour, which is seen in “ the Air. The Emanation of Rays from the ascending “ Deity, *beaming* through the Interstices of the surrounding “ Clouds is managed with *Tenderness* and *Delicacy*,” Does the Epithet of *beaming* agree with *Tenderness* ? “ The Point “ of Time which the *Painter* has chosen is immediately after *he* has disappeared from the Spectators below.” This *He*, according to Grammar, must be the Painter, which certainly you do not mean. “ The back Ground is shut up “ with Rocks, and the Bottom of the cloudy Mass, except “ on one Side, where under the Skirts of the low-hung “ Clouds, Part of a magnificent City (supposed to be *Jeru-*
R “ *salem*)

“ *salem*) appears to great Advantage at a Distance, *illuminated* by a Flash of Lightening under a darkened Sky, “ which casts a livid *Gloom* over it.” Is not this a small Contradiction in Terms, that an Object should be enlightened by an Obscurity, a Gloom? Did not you mean to say, that the Light which proceeds from the Lightning, mixed with the Effects of Darkness from the Sky, produced that Gloom which attends such a Union in Nature?

After this you say; “ The Angel is a Figure of singular Beauty, and with an Aspect of great Sweetness and Benevolence, *still* retains in his Looks the native Dignity of a superior Being.” Certainly no Critics, till you appeared, ever admired, that an Angel could preserve its native Dignity by retaining the Characteristics of an Angel, Sweetness and Benevolence. Thus this shrewd Observation signifies, that notwithstanding an Angel looks like an Angel, it still continues to look like an Angel, new and apt Illustration of a painted Figure.

The Practice of Perspective, &c. on this you say; “ Mr. *Ware* betrays Want of Judgment in the fundamental “ Parts,” which you have not proved, however true it may be, Mr. *Ware* is an *Englishman*. Astronomy, &c. by *James Ferguson*: On this you say; “ Though an Adept in astronomical Investigations may pronounce this Book *superficial* “ and *defective*, we will venture to recommend it to the “ Perusal of those who are ignorant of mathematical Learning.” Mr. *Ferguson* is a *Scotchman*, and you will venture to recommend all that is *Scotch*, however defective, or because all Books are alike to the Ignorant, and, according to a coarse Proverb, a T——d is as good for a Sow as a Pancake.

Philosophical Transactions, “ which you wish to have “ been better weeded before Publication.” Pray read the Articles they contain, and compare them with those of the
learned.

learned and philosophical Society, as you term that at *Edinburgh*, and see which is best weeded.

Six Letters from *A——d B——r*, in which you applaud “ The Design of stripping the Masque of Disguise from an ar-
 “ rant Hypocrite,” an Undertaking truly laudable in the Opinion of all honest Men, in Favour of which, and in Praise of the Gentleman who has effected it, too much cannot be said. Mr. *B——r* it seems has been guilty of giving himself out to the Public for a Conformist to the Church of *England*. His Antagonist has searched into the Truth of this pretended Change, and has found him an Imposter, and therefore a Person to be despised by every Man who is an Enemy to Delusion and Falshood. Let us put your Case, and examine if it has not a great Affinity with that of Mr. *B——r*’s. In the Thing called Plan, you have begun with declaring, you are no *Hackney Writers*, is it not known to the contrary? That you are *Gentlemen*, is not this disproved also? That you have *Characters* and *Capacities*; that you have *no Connexions to warp your Integrity, no Prejudice to influence your Judgment*, are not the contrary of these proved against you? *That you will not decide upon Merit in an arbitrary Sentence; that you will not extol or condemn without carefully perusing the Performance; that you will not wrest the Sense of an Author; that you will not venture to criticize a Translation without understanding the Original; that you are not the Ministers of Envy or Malevolence; that you are the Enemies of Dullness, and the Friends of Merit, Dignifiers of the liberal Arts, and Patrons of Genius and Science*, have not the opposite to all these been fairly proved against you? What shall we conclude then? That either your Ignorance is so egregious that you do not understand the Ideas annexed to those Words, and therefore appear in so absurd and ridiculous a Light in your Criticisms; or, that like Mr. *B——r*, originally intending to be Imposters, you have begun this Way to bespeak a good Opinion amongst

Mankind, and yet act in Contradiction in every Instance, through Malevolence and Envy. If you chuse the Former, what is to be thought of your Intellects? If the Latter, are not you as much Hypocrites and Imposters, as your Countryman Mr. *A—d B—r*, and as much to be avoided. Mr. *B—r* at the worst, has only endeavoured to make himself better than he is, by his Imposture. You have done *that*, and endeavoured to make all who are not connected with you by the national Chain of your Aversion to *England* and *Ireland*, much worse than they are. Thus whatever Abhorrence is due to Mr. *B—r*, is it not due to you also? And have not I the same Title to applause, for bringing your Hypocrisy, Imposture and malevolent Designs to Light, that is so justly bestowed on the Gentleman, who has laid open Mr. *B—r*'s Intentions?

Philosophical Transactions. In this Doctor *Brocklesby* receives some very smart Castigations, for not believing what Doctor *Haller* has delivered concerning Irritability; repeating the Experiments to be satisfied of the Truth of it; and for making an Apology for the seeming Inhumanity which attended those Researches, in which are introduced some excellent Strokes of Wit and Humour. “As how *Dick Slash*, “flit *Tom Taylor*'s Nose. This learned Doctor. And that “the Parts affected in a Rheumatism, are in a State of Crispation, like a Beef-Steak on a Gridiron.” Mem. Doctor *Brocklesby* is no Scotchman.

The next Article brings Doctor *Nicholls*, before the sarcastic Tribunal of you Gentlemen Critics. “This renowned “Anatomist assures us, that the Cod and the Ble, as well as “Sheep and Bullocks, are apt to be troubled with Worms; “as a Cure for these Disorders, he proposes a Fumigation “with Mercurials, or Foetids, as Tobacco. This is the first “Time we have ever heard, that aromatic Plant, termed a “Foetid. And we wish that Epithet may not give Offence “to some sneaking Philosophers, who thus provoked may be
“ apt

“ apt to say, the whole Article is not worth a *Pinch of Snuff*.” Is not this an extremely witty Criticism, a *smoking* Philosopher does not value it at a *Pinch of Snuff*. Should it not either have been a *Pipe of Tobacco*, or a *Snuff-taking* Philosopher? But why is Doctor *Nicholls* termed, by Way of Sneer, this renowned Anatomist? Is it in Complaisance to that Taylor-like looking Thing, who has been so many Years dissecting Bodies, without the least Attempt to a physiological Discovery? Whom you the *Scotch* Gentlemen Critics and Physicians, consider as the physical Gimblet, which has made the first Hole to be encreased by succeeding Instruments, till the Opening be large enough to let you all through into *English Practice*.

A fourth Letter to the People of England. On this, after denominating the Author an Empiric in Language, as well as in Politics, you say, “ He tells us, that General *Sh—y* “ deliberately marched back again, meeting no Opposition, “ which he did not easily overcome; that is, he did not “ easily overcome no Opposition.” In which you are certainly Mistaken, as two Negatives always make an Affirmative; it signifies he easily overcame the Opposition which he met with. But to indulge you in this Transposition of the Words of a Sentence; must not you allow, that they have no Connections to warp their Integrity, they have no Prejudices to influence their Judgment, Expressions of your own; are the same with, they have Connections to warp their *no* Integrity, and Prejudices to influence their *no* Judgment?

You shall see also by this Dexterity of transposing Words, how easily the greatest of Truths, may be converted into the greatest of Falsehoods. For Example, *No Dunces are like those who are Authors in the Critical Review.* The Truth. Transposed into *No Authors in the Critical Review, are like those who are Dunces.* The Falsehood. I hope you will allow the Force of this Transposition, and the Compliment I
make

make you in this Place. You continue, “ On the
 “ Otherfide of the Leaf, we meet with the following Nofe-
 “ gay of Senfe and Elegance. General *Johnson*, formed by
 “ Nature for the Military Art ; whom Sagacity blended with
 “ Courage ; Activity with Patience, render what is not al-
 “ ways to be found amongst *seen Service*, and regular bred
 “ Warriors, was the Object of their Choice. This En-
 “ comium has all the Air of an ancient Oracle, in being ob-
 “ fcure and equivocal.” You fhould have explained in what
 thefe two Qualities confifted ; becaufe all whom I have con-
 verfed with agree, it is as plain as can be expreffed ; that
 General *Johnson* had Sagacity, Courage, Activity and Pati-
 ence, more than are to be always found in Men, who have
seen Service, and been bred to the Sword from their Youth.
 Did not the Obscurity of this Paflage arife from *Johnsons* be-
 ing an *Irifhman* ; whose Merits the *Scotch* Mift of Prejudice
 has prevented you from difcerning. You add, “ The com-
 “ pound Epithet *seen Service*, is a valuable Acquifition to
 “ the *Englifh* Language.” You miftake, it was not defigned
 for that Purpofe, but to expofe the Term, which is eternally
 applied to Men of little Underftanding, who are faid to be
 Generals, becaufe they have *seen Service* ; whereas Genius
 alone can make a General, otherwife every old Serjeant and
 Corporal, who have ferved much in Battles, may be fent to
 command Armies.

But pray muft no Writer make compound Epithets, but
Scotchmen. Had this Author called Oatmeal, the Itch-creat-
 ing-Food ; or the Itch, the Joy-creating-Malady, you would
 have laid your Claim to it as an Ufurpation upon your Pri-
 vilege probably. You then fay, “ The Hint may be extend-
 “ ed to a great many Claffes of Men.” For Example, *seen*
fmple Apothecaries. Pray, Gentlemen, were not you looking
 in one another’s Faces, when you devifed that happy Com-
 pound ? Can there be feen a more fmple Sett of Apotheca-

ries in the World, than are to be found in your Society?
 “ *Seen-Pillory Politicians.*” This I think it has been proved belongs equally to you, as to the Author of *The Fourth Letter*; which sublime Stroke, I could venture to assert, proceeded from your Hero, whose Wit seems to consist in placing two Words beginning with the same Letter, to succeed each other, as *Roderick Random*, *Peregrine Pickle*, *Ferdinand Fanthom*, *Pillory Politician*. Nothing so easily imitated, and though I am ashamed of the Thing, lest you should imagine me deficient in that Way of being witty, I will show you with what Facility it is to be obtained. For Example, *Cods-headed Critics*, *asinine Annalists*, *rascally Reviewers*, *scabby Scotchmen*, all which are as applicable to you, as *Pillory Politician* is to the Author of *The Fourth Letter*.

Seen fee Physicians is another happy Composition of yours, those cannot justly indeed be said to make up your Sett of Gentlemen Critics; because no Men ought to be denominated Physicians, who are so void of all Science belonging to the Profession, as you have been proved to be. As to *sans-Fee*, that indeed is to be found amongst you; and I am confident, that whatever may be the Case in that Respect, with the Author of *The Fourth Letter*, it is to be found equally strong with the Hero of your Sett. *Seen-Service* you add, “ Yields in Dignity of Derivation to the Word “ *Possepolite*, which we wish he had explained for the Benefit of his *English* Readers;” and which would have assisted you but little, if you read as you write *English*; besides this happens not to be a Word of his Forming, it has been already used in the Translation of the Life of *Charles the Twelfth*, King of *Sweeden*. If *Parallellarity* be a Word of his *Coining*, certainly he is happy, that it is not *Felony*; otherwise by the Samples of Mercy on *Englishmen*, which you have given as Judges, he would infallibly be condemned to death before your Tribunal; but you will remember to place the Word

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Authorling to your own Account of Coinage, and the Crimes are balanced.

After this, you add, “ The very next Section is no less
 “ perspicuous and extraordinary, the Duke *du Tallard*, as I
 “ have been informed by a Gentleman who thoroughly un-
 “ derstands military Affairs, made the same Disposition at
 “ *Blenheim*; that the great *Gustavus Adolphus* had done at the
 “ famous Battle, which he won against *Valstein*; yet the
 “ *French* General was defeated, and the *English* triumphed.
 “ Here we are given to understand, that *Gustavus Adolphus*
 “ was an *English* General, a Fact which might have escaped
 “ the Knowledge of the Public, if it had not been ascertained
 “ by such unquestionable Authority.” And here you mistake
 again, the Context can admit of no such Sense; because then
 the Battle of *Blenheim*, and that fought against *Valstein*, must
 have been the same, whereas the Author has distinguished
 them as *two*. But to allow, that in strict Propriety after the
 word *Blenheim*, against the Duke of Marlborough should have
 been inserted. Must it not be granted also, that according
 to your own Words quoted on the Picture of the Ascension,
 Mr. *Hogarth* must be *Jesus Christ*, a Fact which might have
 escaped the Knowledge of the Public also, if it had not been
 ascertained by such unquestionable Authority, as you Gentle-
 men *Scotch* Critics. You continue, “ Had this marine
 “ M——r in his Destinations of these naval Expeditions,
 “ judged from original Lights, he must certainly have ima-
 “ gined *du Guay*, would have avoided the beaten Tract in
 “ Times of Peace.” On this you sagely Remark, “ We
 “ are likewise told, that *du Guay* would have avoided the
 “ beaten Tract in Times of Peace. If this was the Case our
 “ Admiralty had some Reasons to presume, that he would
 “ choose it in Times of War, and therefore acted wisely in
 “ ordering our Squadron to cruize for them in the beaten
 “ Tract.” Here you mistake or misrepresent the Sense again
 through

through Shame, Ignorance or Malevolence. It is the *Track*, which is *beaten* in Times of Peace, and therefore to be avoided by *du Guay* in Time of War, in Consequence of which our Squadron ought not to be destined where it was.

You continue, " Though this is the first Time we ever heard, that the Sea was beaten into Turnpike-Roads, like " the Highway to *Barnstable*." This is without doubt a most excellent Stroke of Wit. You have never heard the usual Course of sailing to any Place, figuratively called the beaten Tract; but you have admired the Sublimity of the Sun generating Hyænas, Panthers, and Lions, out of a black Woman's Back. And Number VIII. Page 129, Talk of Antiquarians coming at the *Kernel* of an old *Stone*, which is apt to hurt their Teeth in *cracking*; and committed egregious Blunders in the figurative Way of Writing, already remarked. " This Track is like the Road to *Barnstable*." Meaning probably the native Place of the Author of *The Fourth Letter*, in which you are within ten Miles of the Truth, the nearest you have been hitherto to it in any of your Criticisms.

Indeed there is a Road *from London to Barnstable*, and the Author, and the Natives frequently travel it. I have heard of a Road *from Scotland to London*, also; but strange *Phænomenon*! Of all the Feet which travel that Road, no Mark of returning Footsteps is to be found; from whence it seems no unnatural Inference to conclude, that the national Attachment which you show to your Country, arises rather from Hate or Envy of the *English*, than from the Love of *Scotland*; otherwise would it not induce you to return to the Place, which you pretend to Love so dearly. Next to this, you add, " We are likewise informed, that the *French Squadron* had but two Ways of steering their Course, without " great ill Luck, at least without Blame to the Planner of the " *Cruise*." Who informed you of this I know not, because

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I keep

I keep no *Informer's* Company; but this I am sure of, it was not the Author of *The Fourth Letter*. He says, "These" (the *English* Fleet divided into two Squadrons just mentioned) "without great ill Luck, at least without Blame to the Planner of the Cruize, must have intercepted the *French* Fleet." Is this Ignorance or Malice? It must be the First, because you have declared *you will not invidiously seek to wrest the Sense, misinterpret the Meaning, or misquote the Words of an Author*. All which being done, as it proceeds not from the Malevolence of your Heart, it must come from Capacities which must be now acknowledged the Weakest, that ever pretended to exercise the Art of Criticism.

After this, you say, "We shall indulge the Reader with one sublime Comment of this egregious Declaimer. *The meereft Virtuoso, insensible to the great Order of Nature can trace with Delight and Skill, the various and minute Shades and Colours in a Shell or Flower, which distinguish one from another.*—Thus we find one Shell or Flower exhibits all the various and minute Shapes, Shades and Colours, that distinguish one from another." Pray where do you find this, not in the Passage you have quoted, that only says *in a Shell or Flower, which distinguish one from another*, which surely is not what you say; because one Shell or Flower, being different from another; certainly all the Differences in that Shell or Flower may be distinguished from that of any other, without Offence to Sense, or meaning what you say. Thus then, what you attribute to the Author, becomes your own by this Observation; "The very Flower, Cream, and Scum of Ingenuity." You tell us next, "His Account of some *American* Traders taken on the *Ohio*, and sent Prisoners to France, as it is generally unknown, and unattested, may be supposed a Misrepresentation, if not a Fiction of the Author's; because we shall have Occasion to convict him of both in the Sequel." Which Occasion has never yet
come,

come, as both were then known to be true, as it has since publicly appeared, and been attested; wherefore your *Ignorance*, which indeed appears great enough to excuse any Blunder and on *which* you ought to rely, must serve you again in this Place. As to the Simile of *Scylla* and *Charybdis*, which you declare to be so childish a Conceit, return a little and examine your own. What think you of the *Pus Laudabile*? *Dick Slash*, and *Tom Taylor*, &c. &c. You continue, "This pretended Politician affirms, that the Ministers beseeching as
 " a Favour, what he had a Right to demand, as Justice has
 " given the *French* a better Foundation of their Claim to the
 " *Ohio*. And in the very next Page he asserts, that the Ti-
 " midity of the Minister was no legal relinquishing the *Brit-*
 " *ish* Right to these Lands. In other Words *A* conveys to
 " *B*, a legal Claim to certain Lands, though he cannot le-
 " gally relinquish his own Title to the said Lands, so that
 " he gives away that, which cannot be resumed. This
 " though distilled in an Alembic, must come over Inconsist-
 " ency and Contradiction."

Indeed you ignorantly or willfully misrepresent this Affair also. Let me first ask you, if a Man's beseeching as a *Favour*, what he has a *Right* to demand in Justice, does not afford a *better* Foundation to the Claim of the Person who possesses it, than *demanding* it; because certainly a *Request* is some Acknowledgment of some *Right* to be given up, whereas a Demand is none. Thus then, when you say, *A* conveys to *B* a legal Right, you willfully or ignorantly Mistake, *A* conveys no legal Right, but only lays a Foundation for *B*'s persisting in a Right from the Request which it makes; which Acknowledgment of Right when it comes to be examined, is not legal, but presumed by *B* on the Timidity of demanding it by *A*. In this Manner it *comes over*, when distilled in an Alembic by Men of common Sense, though it comes otherwise from the Alembic of you, *Scotch Gentlemen*

Critics, who will not misrepresent or misquote the Sense of an Author. Would not you do well to return to your *AB* once more? After this you seem extremely angry at the Encomium given to General *Johnson*, which you term “Be-
“ daubing him with fulsome Encomiums.” Will you never miss an Opportunity of showing your Hate to the Natives of *Ireland*? And notwithstanding what you have said to the Contrary it is universally known, that Mr. *Braddock’s* Troops shamefully retired. You add also, that “The Author, says
“ the Officers of the *German* Regiment, were unproved by
“ Experience, and Guiltless of Siege and Battle.—Not
“ so guiltless of Battle as he is of Truth in this slan-
“ derous Affelevation : For it can be easily proved, that
“ almost every individual Subaltern of that Corps had seen
“ actual Service.” It is scarce probable Gentlemen, that you should be so intimately acquainted with those *German* Officers, to decide so peremptorily in this Affair, most of which you never can have seen or known, and even then it would be of little Effect ; because the Person for whom this Corps was originally designed, is known not to have seen Service. If he was, your Countryman, Lord *L——n*, has behaved but ill in treating him as he hath.

Now comes the Paragraph of Paragraphs, "Though
" Lord *L*—*n* has Magnanimity enough to overlook the
" sarcastic Infiquation, which this Reptile has thrown out
" against him, Page 21. That Nobleman may have Friends
" and Dependants, who do not think such an Author
" unworthy of Notice and Correction; we would there-
" fore advise him to bite with more Caution, and have
" a more reverend Care of his Carcase."

Here, Gentlemen, after having been long the Violaters of Truth, Justice and Reason in the Dark, you threaten to become Affassins also. And yet believe me the Author entertains

entertains as little Apprehensions of Danger from your Threats, by Means of Lord L——'s Friends, as I do on his Writings from your Criticisms, of which I imagine you will confess there does not appear much Fear of my Biting with Precaution or Reverence, for believe me I never shall be afraid of Malice or Stupidity in any Men. And as to the Epithet of Reptile, the Author has as little Disposition to *creeping* as any *Scot* that ever crossed the *Tweed*. But after all it appears it was pure Ignorance which led you into this Mistake. Lord L——n in this Place, against which you are so angry, being rather approved than blamed; and this you confess yourselves, and give a most admirable Reason for your Exclamation to the contrary, in Number VIII, last Page of your inimitable Performance. “ They likewise own themselves indebted to the Candour of *D. Q.* for his Remarks on the Account which is given in their last Number of *The Fourth Letter to the People of England*. They confess the Words relating to Lord L——n may bear another Interpretation, than that which they have put upon them; but considering the peculiar Virulence of the Author, his ridiculous Enmity to the Natives of *North Britain*, and the palpable Design of the Work, which was to kindle the Animosity of the Nation against all who are employed under the Government. The CRITICAL REVIEWERS thought they had a Right to understand it as a malicious Sarcastm, against that Nobleman.”

Excellent indeed ! What Right but that of *Ignorance* could you have ? The sole Palliative for Want of Understanding in any Thing, and which it is evident was yours also; who could not distinguish Praise from Disapprobation. Otherwise why do you thank your Friend *D. Q.* for his Remarks. With respect to the Author's Enmity to the Natives of *Scotland* ? I know of none he has ever manifested, unless you denominate

nate his having proved, that three *Scotch* Physicians have been *Plagiaries*, from the Works of *Harvey*; published what they took as their own, never confessed it, and yet did not understand him. His drawing the Character of an ignorant *Scotch* Sea-Surgeon in his Novel of *Lydia*, which notwithstanding any Similitude, that may now seem to exist between that Character, and any Man amongst you, I will venture to assert was never intended to be drawn for any individual Person. His calling *James* the First cold, conceited, disputatious, man-loving *Scot*, all which may be found in Authors long since dead; and his endeavouring to support the Superiority of *English* Literature over *Scotch*, in Opposition to the Natives of *Scotland*, when they have been arrogantly attempting to establish the Contrary. If these are just Causes for taxing him with Enmity to the *North-Britons*, he is proud of the Imputation, and will constantly exert his Utmost in supporting the Learning of his Country against all that has hitherto appeared from the other side *Tweed*; and yet I will answer for him he shall acknowledge the Superiority of that Country, the Moment any Instances can be brought in Defence of it.

After this you find Fault with the Author for what he has said, relative to the *Prussian* Treaty; and asked, “Has it
 “ not established a proper Ballance of Interests, and prevented
 “ a general War in *Europe*, which must have proved
 “ very grievous to *England*.” Here I beg leave to ask you if it has not effected the Contrary? Surely you have not the Gift of second Sight, whatever some of your Countrymen may possess? You tell us also, on the preferring a small Number of *Hessians* to six Times the Number of *Russians* to be brought into *England*. “That the *Hessians* can be conveyed
 “ to *England* for Half the Money, that would be expended
 “ in transporting the *Russians*.” Here you forget, that by Treaty the *Russians* were to be brought over at *their own* Expence,

pence and the *Hessians* at *ours*. Thus, according to your excellent Manner of Reasoning, the *Hessians* were transported hither at *Half* the Sum of *Nothing at all*, in which, I imagine, the National Accounts of last Year will not support you. Pray, like your Countrymen the Highlanders, have not you shewn your bare Backsides, in *slooping* to become Critics.

After great Profusion of Abuse on the Author, you add ; “ He begins to rail like a Bedlamite at the first C——r of “ Ad——y, and seems particularly incensed at the Success of “ that fortunate Commander, because he himself has not “ been so prosperous in Life. This is the true Source of all “ our Author’s Patriotism.” Pray what Foundation have you for this Assertion ? What Basis can exist for the Author’s Anger against the Man you mention ? He has never miscarried in getting rich by a Voyage round the World, nor ever expected to be first C———r of the Ad——y : Indeed, had he been a Sea Surgeon’s Mate at the unsuccessful Enterprize of *Carthage* and disappointed in his Expectation of Plunder, there might have been some Ground for his surveying L——d A——n’s Riches with the Eye of Malevolence and Envy ; but as it is, I assure you, he neither envies him, his Money, nor the great *Knowledge* which he has manifested in Naval Affairs ; nay, even you Physicians, Authors and Critics, with whom as a Writer and Physician, he may be supposed to stand in Competition, he neither envies you your Science or Practice, so truly is he divested of Envy.

At length, you grow exuberantly witty, and say ; “ Were “ we inclined to joke we should compare the Author to a “ Species of Vermin,” which Joke you execute and compare him to “ a Musquito which buzzes and stings.” As you *give*, I presume, Gentlemen, you *take* a Joke ; therefore, let me try my Hand at a Joke, also.

There

There was a certain Pig in *Scotland* which had gotten the Itch, by lying in the same Bed with his Master's Family. This Animal, not liking his scabby Condition, and having heard it said by some People of the Country, that *Scotchmen* were cured of this opprobrious Malady by travelling into *England*, entered upon a Resolution of performing a like Journey. He set out soon after, and at length arrived, all covered with the Itch, on the Banks of the *Thames*. The Object which struck him most was the Whiteness of the Swans, which *Phænomenon* he concluded was owing to their swimming in that Water; wherefore, without considering that Nature had not adapted Swine for swimming, he rushed into the River. Now such is the Consequence of a Pig's swimming, that, by his Awkwardness in that Exercise, he continually rubs his fore Feet against his Throat, till having taken off the Skin, and divided the Jugular Veins, he expires, by bleeding to Death in the Water. In this Manner it happened to this Hog of *Scotland*; he was drowned, with all his Itch upon him; a true Warning to all the Animals of his Country, whose Arrogance may tempt them to task their Abilities to undertake that, for which by Nature they are not adapted. I leave the Application to yourselves, Gentlemen.

In this Manner having let loose much Virulence and Rancour against the envied Author of this Letter, you come at length to this Exhortation: "Let us not, at such a Crisis, be
 " hurried into rash and dangerous Resentments, that may
 " produce Convulsions in the State, by the insidious Sug-
 " gestions of an *obscure* Scribbler, a *professed* Enemy of the
 " Government under which he lives, without *Principle*,
 " Talent, or common *Discretion*, who has neither *Friend*,
 " Property, nor *Interest*, in the Country where he assumes
 " the Character of *Patriot* and *Reformer*, and who cannot
 " live in this or any other Country, but by fomenting Dis-
 " cord, and sowing the Seeds of civil Dissention." I must
 examine

examine a little into the Truth of these *Gentleman-like* Assertions. As to the Obscurity of the Writer, unluckily for you, the very Letter which you are condemning has been translated into *High Dutch*, by order of the Empress Queen. Into *French*, and printed in *Paris*, *Brussels*, and *Holland*, and various Editions have been stolen by your Countrymen in *Edinburgh*; things which have never yet happened to any of your Works. As to his being a professed Enemy to the Government, how will you prove that? Unless writing in Defence of the Constitution in your Opinion merits that Appellation. He has never been in Arms against his Country, nor have any of his Family been hanged for Rebellion. His Principles have ever been uniform, and therefore as you know not his Heart, you cannot discover that he has none. His Talents as a Writer I will take from what Strangers, who cannot be supposed to be influenced in his Favour, have said, and what they have printed, and which, as you seem not to understand *French*, I shall translate for you :

‘ Il paroît un Ecrit imprimé sous ce titre : LE PEUPLE
 ‘ INSTRUIT ; ou, les Alliances dans lesquelles les Ministres de la
 ‘ Grande Bretagne ont engagé la Nation, & l’emploi qu’ils ont
 ‘ fait de ses Escadres & de ses Armées, depuis le commencement
 ‘ des troubles sur l’Ohio jusqu’à la perte de Minorque, considerez
 ‘ dans une Quatrieme Lettre au Peuple d’Angleterre. (Ouvrage
 ‘ traduit de l’Anglois) L’Auteur y fait un examen très-severe
 ‘ de la conduite des Ministres de S. M. Britannique, & ose
 ‘ leur attribuer tous les malheurs que la guerre présente a
 ‘ attiré sur la Nation. C’est un Citoyen éclairé qui parle
 ‘ avec liberté à un Peuple libre de ce qu’il lui importe le plus de
 ‘ sçavoir. Le ton qu’il prend n’est pas celui des remontrances,
 ‘ mais celui des avis & des instructions. Sa censure ne
 ‘ laisse rien échapper. Quelquefois abreuvée du fiel de la
 ‘ satire, mais plus souvent assaisonnée du sel de l’ironie, elle
 ‘ est toujours redoutable par la sévérité du jugement, par la
 ‘ solidité

' solidité des réflexions & par la véhémence du stile. C'est
 ' l'Orateur d'*Athènes* qui harangue le Peuple d'*Angleterre*.
 " There has lately appeared a Pamphlet with this Title :
 " THE PEOPLE INSTRUCTED ; or, *The Conduct of the*
 " *M—rs in Alliances, Fleets, and Armies since the first Dis-*
 " *ferences on the Ohio to the taking of Minorca by the French,*
 " *considered, in a Fourth Letter to the People of England.* In
 " this the Author examines with Severity, the Conduct of
 " the British Ministers, and presumes to attribute to them
 " all the Calamities which the present War hath drawn
 " upon the Nation. He is a Man of Understanding who
 " speaks with Freedom to a free People, which he believes
 " little instructed in what it is their Duty to know. The
 " Method which he adopts is not that of Remonstrance,
 " but of Advice and Instruction. Nothing escapes his
 " Censure ; sometimes it is dipped in the Gaul of Satire,
 " but oftener seasoned with Irony ; yet still formidable
 " by the Severity of its Judgment, by the Solidity of its
 " Reflections, and by the Energy of its Stile. He is *De-*
 " *mofthenes* delivering his Orations to the People of *Eng-*
 " *land.*"

So much for his Talent. His Discretion, probably, may
 not answer that Idea in a *Scotch* Head, and yet it is at
 least as evident in him as in you when you commenced
 Criticks. As to his Friends, I am one of a Number ready
 to defend him against the whole Set of Gentlemen *Scotch*
 Annalists. And his Property, how does that become a Sub-
 ject for your Criticism ? And which, however little it may
 be, has never yet reduced him to change Sentiments, to com-
 mit a mean Action, or seek to increase it unjustly ; and,
 though no great Matter, it may not improbably be five hun-
 dred times as much as each of you crossed the Tweed with
 in your Pockets. Besides, Gentlemen, if Poverty be an
 Object of your Criticism, it had been but Modesty in you
 to have begun in your own Country, in the Exercise of
 which,

which, though each of you had lived to the Age of *Methusalem*, and succeeded one another, you never could have crossed the Tweed through want of Subjects. As to his Interest in this Country, I fancy you are mistaken, because the Sentiments which he has adopted have been well received throughout all *England*. And with respect to his being able to live in no other Country, you err again; he has lived in another Country, and received Marks of Esteem in it. And as to living in his own, he lives in it at present, which neither of you do, or have ever been able to, either as Authors or Physicians. There you would probably have been obliged to be Listers of black Cattle, * mercenary black Mealmen, † Kane Witnesses, Weavers, Taylors, or some such laudable Occupation, for which you seem by Nature to be much better formed than for Critics or Physicians.

Having thus far examined your Criticism on this Letter, I leave you to your own Gentleman-like Reflections, and proceed :

“ *Medicines in a Solid Form, &c. by Dr. D’Escherney,*
 “ *Brother-in-Law to Mrs. Stephens.* This boasted Alliance
 “ with the noted *Mrs. Stephens* is to be sure a Feather in
 “ *Mr. D’Escherney’s* Cap, which cannot fail to attract the
 “ Notice of the Public, and is a Flourish of the same Nature
 “ with the Challenge of the renowned *F. O’Sherlock,*
 “ Master of the noble Science of Defence, and Brother to
 “ *Dennis O’Sherlock,* by whose unfortunate Arm the ever-
 “ memorable *Timothy Buck* received his Death’s Wound.”

T 2

Where

* The Heirs of *Scotch* Lairds, who list black Cattle from those with whom they are at Enmity; and preserve them from being lifted from others for a stipulated Reward, which is term’d *black Meal*.

† *Kane Witnesses* are those who give Evidence in Kind, a *Sett* of *Scotch* Gentlemen Tenants, that are by their Tenure obliged to swear whatever their Landlords require of them. Consult *Mr. Garbrie*, *vivâ voce*.

Where lies the Likeness? You except against Homicide in the next Line. Pray tell your Readers, next time you publish. How are the Words Brother-in-Law like a Challenge? Would a Challenger call his Brother's Arm *unfortunate* which got the Victory, and defeated his Antagonist? If this be Humour, is it not worse than that between your Fingers? I would advise you however to keep your Pen from touching Mr. *O'Sherlock*, who may otherwise be apt to answer you with a Weapon, of which he is a much better Master, than you are of the Quill, and on this you would do well to consult your Countryman Mr. *Macdonald*.

" *On the Virtues, &c. of a Crust of Bread*, by Nicholas Robinson, *M. D.*" On this Performance you exhibit a most consummate Proof of your being, Gentlemen Critics. " The Godlike Doctor *Robinson* (for such is the Epithet he seems by his Motto to aspire at) has in this Treatise obliged the Public with the Discovery of a Remedy against the Gravel, Stone, Gout and Rheumatism.—A Remedy in daily and constant Use, with every Person who swallows his Spittle. Yet if the old *Athenian* Cynic was alive, and could hear Doctor *Robinson* deicant upon this Subject, he might possibly, in a Fit of Contradiction, take it into his Head not to swallow all his Spittle." That is, he would Spit in his Face. Is not that a Gentleman-like Criticism? Doctor *Robinson* is an *Englishman*.

An humble Apology for the Quakers, &c. On the pacific Principle of this Sect in *Pensylvania*, you say, " This is however a Principle, which we would not at the present Juncture recommend to our Admirals or Generals, though we are not certain whether one of the Former did not call at *Pensylvania*, in his Way to *Port Mahon*." That is, you are not certain whether *Pensylvania* be in the Way, or not between *Portsmouth* and *Mahon*, which shews you are excellent Critics in Geography. Or if you know that it is not in the

the Way, you are not certain whether an Admiral *in* his Way, did not call *out* of his Way, which proves you are most distinguishing Heads for the Task of Criticism.

Being thus advanced to your seventh Abortion, for surely nothing so mishapen and distorted can be said to come in due Time, and finding no End to your Ignorance, but with the End of your Labours; I must break off here, and take no Notice of that inestimable dramatic Performance of your Hero, *The Reprisal*, so justly criticised into Contempt in the literary Magazine, and so absurdly praised by you or himself in your Review; together with a Multiplicity of other Subjects, by which your Knowledge, Candour and Abilities may appear equally conspicuous in the Art of Criticism. The next Thing which I examine into, shall be the Merits of *The History of England*, written by your Chieftain, a Subject of much Praise in your Annals of Literature.

“ *A complete History of England, &c. by T. Smollet, M. D.*” This Criticism begins with the Plan published by the Editor, the Excellence of which I shall take the Liberty to examine. “ So many Histories of *England* have already appeared, that the Editor of this Performance hath thought it necessary in a Plan of his History prefixed to it, to acquaint the Public with the Motives which induced him to usher into the World, another Work on the same Subject. The Author does not pretend to have discovered any authentic Records, which have escaped the Notice of other Historians; or thrown such Lights upon particular Facts, as must alter the received Opinions of Mankind, touching the material Circumstances of the Narration.”

By this Declaration has he not avowed his History will be void of those Requisites, which can only offer just Reasons for a new History of *England*, after so many have been already written? If he has discovered no new Facts by Assiduity in searching ancient Records, and has not Understanding sufficient

sufficient to throw new Lights upon old ones, why has he undertaken to write a new History of *England*? If he does not pretend to settle the different Opinions among preceding Historians, by investigating the Causes of their Disagreement; and produce by Comparison and Inference, a more reconciled, and less dubious Account of public Transactions, than is already to be found? Why has he been Guilty of wantonly shedding more Christian-Ink, and dooming guiltless Paper to lining Trunks, and the scorching of Ovens, in Defence of Gluttony and Pasties? But indeed he tells us his Motives. "His Aim is to retrench the Superfluities of his Predecessors." In which Qualification of *retrenching* this learned Doctor, is undoubtedly an Adept from long Practice, and by Means of a mechanical Invention called a Pair of Scissars, of admirable Utility to Historians of this Kind; but whether he has not like an unskilful Tooth-Drawer (Part of his late Profession) who whips out the sound, and leaves the rotten Tooth behind, amputated the necessary, and left the superfluous Parts, we shall see in the Sequel.

His Design also, "Is to present the Public with a succinct, candid, and complete History of our own Country, which will be more easy in the Purchase; more agreeable in the Perusal, and less burthensome to the Memory, than any Work of the same Nature produced in those Kingdoms." All which is in the very Spirit of an advertising Taylor, and do not appear to be Motives sufficiently coercive to make an Author undertake to write an *English* History; wherefore People are apt to think, that a Sum of Money agreed to be paid him by Messrs. *Rivington* and *Fletcher*, operated on the Mind of this Author, more effectually than his Desire of pleasing the Natives of *England*, towards the Production of this Work. I mean they *would* be apt, if he had not declared he is no Hireling. But to carry on the Analogy between this Historian and the Taylor, and their respective Works.

Works. First of all both Operators use almost the same Instruments with which to cut out their Works ; except that the Taylor's being the Occupation of most Importance, he uses a bigger Pair. Next each conceals the Design of private Interest, and pretends to Work for the public Good only. The Taylor pretends to make his Clothes at a less Price, of as genteel a Cut, and of as good Cloth as any of those, who take more Yards, and more Money, all which is exactly analogous to the Historian. Both Productions, the Suit and the History, are notwithstanding deficient in Quantity, Quality and Skill in the Operators, and both Plans contrived to ensnare unwary Purchasers.

In the Article of being succinct, their Works greatly resemble each other, the Operators rather exceeding in this Part of their Promise ; making both too short and too tight for their Subjects, void of Grace, made for Cheapness, and fit only for common Purchasers. In *Candour* those Operators and their Productions are very much alike also, in not answering to their Promises, and being of coarse Materials. In Completeness the Resemblance is nicely preserved, the History being *said* to contain all the *Facts*, and the *Suit* all the *Buttons* ; though both are ill arranged, badly put out of Hand, and of a wrong Taste in the Pattern and Trimmings ; *more easy in the Purchase*, a Circumstance in common to both ; *more agreeable in the Perusal*, a Thing alike uncommon to both, in which the Likeness is still preserved, as no Man loves a scanty Coat, or a maimed History ; *less burthensome to the Memory*, as both are thrown aside, one without being worn, and the other without being read, and therefore never remembered.

But he continues, “ He has waved all Remarks of his own, except such as seemed absolutely necessary, that he might not incumber the Page, and disgust the Reader by anticipating his Reflection, and forestalling his Judgment.” Here then he has given an invincible Proof of his great Skill
in

in retrenching, by leaving out the most material Parts of History. And indeed, in this Particular also, he has been better than Promise (Candour is my Pursuit, Gentlemen, as much as yours) by not only omitting the Unnecessary, but even the Necessary also. Not one Reflection, according to the Instances which you have given, being to be discovered in the three Volumes ; and indeed he must be as well adapted for an Historian, as a Dung-Cart is for a triumphal Chariot ; whose Remarks would *incumber* the Page, and *disgust* the Reader. Have the Remarks of *Tacitus*, and other *Latin* and *Greek* Historians, been complained against as incumbering, and disgusting ? As to anticipating Reflections, most Readers can make none ; and therefore they are absolutely Necessary to be made for them, to direct their Judgments. And as to Readers, who can reflect and judge, they will exercise both Faculties on his Reflections, and his History also, and will be pleased if the Former are judiciously made. Wherefore no Sort of Readers can be disgusted, but by the Absurdity which may be found in the Reflections of an Historian ; and this probably determined the Author, conscious of his Insufficiency, to omit making any ; a Precaution, which though no Proof of his historical Accomplishments, is yet a great one of his Discretion.

You continue, “ He is upon his Guard against that Affectation of Singularity, which is apt to betray an Author into a Labyrinth of *vague* Conjectures, through which the Truth *often* vanishes from his Researches.” He would have done well to have been upon his Guard in pening this Paragraph, unless he will explain when the Truth has *not* escaped through *vague* Conjectures ; because as he only says *often*, there must be Times when it does not. A Paradox of some Puzzle, I imagine. For if Truth be the Result of Conjectures, they cannot be vague ; and if Conjectures are vague, the

the Truth cannot be the Result of them; such are the Remarks, which probably he has omitted through Fear of disgusting his Readers.

You add, " He values himself upon being entirely free " from all national Jealousy and Prejudice." He values himself upon what he does not possess then, as shall be made evident, and consequently he has missed the Object of his Inquiry, Truth.

" He pretends to communicate a summary Idea of the " ancient Inhabitants of this Island as described by *Greek* " and *Latin* Writers, the only Sources from which we can " draw any certain Intelligence concerning the original Possessors of *Britain*." This I presume is but a bare *Pretension* from the Knowledge of *Greek* and *Latin*, already exhibited in the Critical Review, of which he is the acknowledged Chieftain. Wherefore I am inclined to believe he that could not construe six Lines of *Homer*, nor understand one Paragraph of *Polybius*, and has committed such Mistakes in the *Latin* Language, has not drawn from that Source, but copied *Rapin*, *Guthrie*, *Carte*, and others, and transcribed the Names of the *Greek* and *Latin* Authors; from their Margins into his own.

" He collects his Materials from the most authentic Historians, to whose Works he refers in the Margin." Which References are supposed to be taken, and inserted like the Former; because from the Moment he first began to think of writing this History to this Hour, there has not been half Time enough to peruse those Historians, though he had employed himself in nothing besides. " He delineates the Characters of Princes from the uniform Tenour of their public Conduct, compared with striking Passages in private Life." In which you shall see he is mistaken.

" He Records every remarkable Improvement in Arts and Science, which the World has owed to the Natives of this

“ Kingdom.” In which he has forgotten to observe his Promise; the Volumes which he has published not being sufficient to contain the Records of such Improvements, in the single Branch of experimental Philosophy.

“ He has endeavoured to write in a clear, succinct, nervous Style, to expatiate on the most interesting Circumstances; and entertain the Imagination, while he informs the Understanding.” Which must be greatly informed in a History without Reflections, in all which his Endeavours will appear to be abortive.

The Style of this latter Part, however it must be owned, is happily imitated from the Sublime of the *Sadler's-Wells* Wire Dancer.

He walks the Slack-Wire without a Pole, swings turns round, and plays a Tune upon the *Scotch* Fiddle to the Wonder of all Beholders.

He balances a Straw on his Chin, throws it upon his Forehead, lets it fall upon his Foot, and then again throws it upon his Nose, the like never before seen in *England*, &c. &c. &c.

Having said thus much on his Plan, I must now take some Notice of his and your Penetration and Genius in the Offices of Critics and Historians; and because it shall not be said I select unfairly, the first Paragraph in his History shall find me the first Subject of my Observations.

“ The first and most important Effort of human Genius appears to have been the Art of transmitting, and perpetuating Ideas.” A very singular Observation indeed, quite new, and wants nothing but the single Circumstance of Truth to render it complete. Thus then chalking the Reckoning on the Bellows in an Ale-house, to transmit and perpetuate the Ideas of Pots of Beer; notching on a Stick at a Brick-yard, to transmit, and perpetuate the Number of Bricks; the Baker's Tallies, and the Milk-woman's Score, are the first, and most important Efforts of human Genius.

Happy

Happy Discovery; but let me take it in the most favourable Sense, the Invention of Letters to signify Ideas. Can that which has been so variously devised in a Multiplicity of Nations, be denominated the first and most important Effort of human Genius; an Invention in the Power of any Man, arbitrarily to accomplish? Characters to signify Ideas. If this be true, Mr. *Aulay Macaulay*, an Inventor of short hand Writing, is the greatest Genius in the Kingdom; an Excellence you will hardly allow him, notwithstanding your Partiality to your Countrymen.

“ This (first and most important Effort of human Genius)” he says, “ shines in nothing more conspicuous, than in the Labours of Historians.” Now it happens the Art of perpetuating Ideas, shines as much in a last dying Speech, as it does in History; the Characters of the Alphabet being equally conspicuous in each, and already invented to the Hands of both Writers; and the Excellence of the Composition has no concern with the Art of perpetuating Ideas, in the Sense in which this is exprest. Here the learned Doctor mistook in his Ideas, I imagine. However he continues, “ Which not only presents us with a Review of all those mighty Events, which influence the Fate of Nations; but also communicates to our Enquiry, the whole *Progress* of *Improvement*, the whole *Circle* of *Knowledge* and *Experience*.”

Thus according to the Ideas of this Historian, there is but one Way of Writing in the World, History. It contains all the Branches of Theology, Mythology, Metaphysics, Ethics, Mathematics, Mechanics, Law, Politics, natural Philosophy, Medicine, Surgery, Cookery, Gunnery, Agriculture, Poetry, and every Kind of Belles Lettres, and other Parts of Literature. In which it resembles *Peter's* brown Loaf in the Tale of the Tub, which contained Beef, Mutton, Pork, Veal, Wine, Beer, and Cyder, with every other Substance, Animal, and Vegetable; and all that differ from your Au-

thor, will probably have the Thunders of your critical Anathemas denounced against them, as *Peter* does his against the Unbelievers of his Loaf. If History, however, contains all these Things, we shall find them in his History to be sure, or what must we conclude? Besides this, *it contains the whole Circle of Knowledge and Experience*. Thus then it follows, that those who read History *most* must be *most* knowing in buying and selling, and fittest for commercial Dealings, and the Transactions of Life. For Example, an old Fellow of a College, who has past his Years in the Retirement of a University, who has spent Fifty of them in reading History, is undoubtedly a Man deeply fraught with Experience and Knowledge, above all who walk the *Exchange*, and deal in *Change-Alley*. Whereas in Contradiction to the Pursuits of Reading and of Learning, Experience has been always attained to by habitude, and mixing much in the Business of the World; the Result of a Man's own Observation upon active Life, and not on dead Letters.

He continues, "In this delightful Study, we become acquainted with the Characters" (not as he draws them) "and even the *Persons* of those Heroes, who triumphed over Barbarity. Of those Legislators, who strengthened the Bands of Society. And those Philosophers, who instructed, polished, and reformed Mankind." The Contents of which turgid Phraseology, you shall see, will be let off as easily as a blown Bladder with the Prick of a small Pin. Here again the Historian seems not to have Ideas annexed to those Words, *in becoming acquainted with the Persons of Heroes, &c.* Does he mean by it, that his Power of Writing can recall those Characters from their Graves, join their Souls to their Dust, and make them appear before us, which he must do to make us acquainted with their *Persons*. That Expression, according to Mr. *Locke's* Definition, and of all other Philosophers, signifying a *thinking intelligent Being*. Now, I imagine, should he draw ever so well, he will scarce arrive

at the Excellence of imparting Thought and Intelligence to his Pictures. Suppose, for Example, I should describe a Man with a plump Countenance, fullen Eye, low Forehead, sarcastic Sneer, snub Nose, and grinning Mouth, rather Corpulent than otherwise; suppose even these Features in a Portrait, should be painted to the greatest Likeness; and all the World saw it, are they therefore acquainted with his Person? He then continues, "The human Passions are interested in the remotest Nations; because Humanity is every where the same, &c. And howsoever divided, we are still the Children of one Parent, all Brethren of one Family." If he means by this, that Events in *China* and *Japan*, interest and engage as much, as what passes nearer Home; he concludes contrary to the Experience of all Mankind, Apprehension and Concern always increasing by the Proximity of Events. An Earthquake or Plague, at *Lisbon* or *Marseilles*, will create ten Times the Emotion in our Bosoms, than if they happened at *Pekin* or *Indostan*; and at *Berwick* or *Penzance*, ten Times more than in *Portugal* and *France*. He then tells us, "The Understanding enfolds and ripens in Proportion to the Exercise it undergoes; the Memory retains; the Reflection profits by the Example; and the Heart glows with the laudable Emulation, to rival the Practice of recorded Virtue." In all which he is again egregiously mistaken. According to this Manner of thinking, a Man who has exercised his Understanding, his Memory, his Reflection, and his Emulation, seventy Years, must be riper in Understanding; of more retentive Memory; more quick and penetrating Reflection; and warmer Passions, than one of Forty; because he has exercised all the above Faculties thirty Years longer, than the Latter. Whereas all Men know, that those Qualities of the Soul decline by old Age, and generally in Proportion to the Degree of their being exercised.

Such is the first Paragraph of this Historian, in which he has given most indisputable Proofs of the Efforts of his Genius

nus for perpetuating Ideas ; of his Acquaintance with the Nature of his Subject, by ascribing to it the whole Progress of Improvement, the whole circle of Knowledge ; and of his Intimacy with Language, by not knowing the Meaning of the Words *Experience* and *Person* ; of his Skill in human Nature, by making the Transactions of distant Nations equally interesting to his Readers with those of their Neighbours and themselves ; and asserting that the Understanding, Memory, Reflection and Emulation, strengthen by Age and Exercise.

A Paragraph even more replete with Beauties of the same Kind, than the first in your Plan of the Review, which seems to prove that both have been the Products of the same inimitable Hand, and that he is as truly adapted to the Task of an Historian as a Critic.

I shall now proceed to examine his Skill in the Characters of Men, and yours also, who have transcribed and praised him so inordinately for that Excellence, and on which he seems to pique himself not a little. The first that appeared, was that of *Edward III.* annexed to the Plan of the History, as a Specimen of his Talents in that Particular, in which he says, “ *Edward* possessed the romantic Spirit “ of *Alexander*, the Penetration, the Fortitude, the polished “ Manners of *Julius* ; the Munificence, the Liberality, the “ Wisdom of *Augustus Cæsar*. He was a constitutional “ Knight-errant.” An Order of Knighthood, I presume, according to the *Constitution* of the Realm, totally unknown, and unnoticed by former Historians, and which, as this Author does not pretend to have discovered any authentic Records that have escaped the Knowledge of other Historians, he must have created ; and therefore I hope, in Imitation of other Potentates, he has placed himself at the Head of the Order. But perhaps he means *constitutionally*, or, by his Constitution a Knight-errant ; in which View *Edward* was at once *Alexander* the Great, *Julius Cæsar*, *Augustus Cæsar*, and Don *Quixote*. Characters which may easily reside in
the

the same Person undoubtedly, and strictly applicable to the Prince he is describing. That *Don Quixote* runs strangely in this Author's Head.

The next Character given as a Recommendation of the Work to the Public, was that of *Henry VIII.* in which the Author has with great Judgment omitted the profuse, voluptuous, and libidinous Dispositions of that Prince, by which Means his Drawing resembles a Pourtrait without a Head, as those Qualities strongly characterised that King. A new Way of being made acquainted with a Character.

I come now to those Parts which you Gentlemen Critics have selected, to shew the Author's Skill in drawing Characters, and your own in criticising. "*Henry the Second,*" he says, "displayed all the Sagacity of a Legislator, and his Exertion of the Prerogative never interfered with the Liberties of the People, and yet he was transported with the Lust of Power;" how do he and you make these Contradictions coincide? If *Henry* never interfered with the Liberties of the People, how do you know he was transported with the Lust of Power? "He had all the Magnanimity of a Hero, and yet he seduced *Adelais* the French Princess, who was bred in *England*, as the future Wife of his Son *Richard*. Can something as criminal as Incest reside in the same Bosom, with all the Magnanimity of a Hero? Would *Alexander*, *Cyrus*, or *Scipio* have done this? My Lord A——n, no great Hero, behaved better in his Voyage round the World. Has not the Author mistaken in some Parts of this Character, and attributed to *Henry* what cannot exist in the same Individual?

I come now to the Character of *Edward* the first, in which it will appear that the above Impossibilities are few in Number, compared to what will be seen in this Pourtrait. The Historian says, "He equalled the greatest Monarchs who have sat on the *English* Throne; he was cool, penetrating, sagacious, and circumspect; he was consummate in his
" legislative

“ legislative Capacity, the *English Justinian* ; he new mo-
 “ delled the Administration of Justice, so as to render it
 “ more sure and summary ;” and yet, he says, “ he had no
 “ Genius, he cherished a dangerous Ambition, to which he
 “ did not scruple to sacrifice the Good of his Country,
 “ seized the Merchandize of his Subjects, and did many ar-
 “ bitrary Acts ; a Stretch of Power more suitable to the
 “ Conduct of an *Eastern Monarch*, than an *English King*.”
 Are not these Qualities incompatible in the same Character ?
 Can he that equalled our greatest Monarchs in Capacity,
 who was a consummate Legislator, a *Justinian*, want Ge-
 nius ? Can the King, who rendered Justice sure and sum-
 mary, have robbed his Subjects, and stretched his Power to
 Despotism ? Could the cool, penetrating, sagacious, circum-
 spect Prince, cherish a dangerous Ambition, to which he
 did not scruple to sacrifice the Good of his Country ? Or
 if he committed such Acts, can he have possessed the supe-
 rior Attributes which your Author has given him ; and last-
 ly, could the same Person, as the Writer says, be “ con-
 “ sidered as the Flower of *Chivalry*, without the least Spark
 “ of *Heroism*.” Such are the Impossibilities he has cramm’d
 into one Character ; which like a Beggar’s Bag, contains all
 Kinds of incongruous Offals, Would it not have been as sensible
 to have said, he was tall, and he was short ; he was fat, and
 he was lean ; he was black, and he was fair ; Qualities to be
 found together in the same Body, as easily as the above are to
 be discovered in the same Mind. Are not the *uniform Tenour of*
public Conduct and striking Passages of private Life, finely com-
 pared in this Character ?

In the Continuation of your Criticisms on this Work, you
 tell us, “ You are surprized to meet with such a *Condensation*
 “ of Matter, without Confusion and Obscurity.” In which
 Expression of *Condensation* you are remarkably happy, nothing
 being more apt to this History, divested of all which is valuable
 in

in Writing, than Litharge *condensed* into Lead, after the Silver has been *retrenched* or taken out of it. You then tell us, "The Style is neither laboured, nor negligent; neither inflated, nor humble; but strong, easy, and perspicuous, suited to the Situation; and the Narration is animated with such Spirit, as supports the Attention of the Reader." For the Truth of which, I beg Leave to appeal to the first Paragraph of the History, already taken Notice of. You then continue, "A wonderful Number of Incidents is arranged in a very narrow Compass, yet each *maintains it's Place*." As Things always do where there is no Room to move. "The Memory is not perplexed with a Tumult of Ideas." Very true indeed, very scanty in Variety of Ideas. Thus these Circumstances in this History, resemble Herrings in a Barrel, pack together with much Order, and all a like in the Arranging.

However you confess, "There are Marks of Carelessness and Precipitation, which ought to be forgiven in Consideration of that Exactness, with which the Author has recorded every Event, that could tend to the Reader's Amusement." Now, Gentlemen, how came this History to be so exact, which is marked with Carelessness and Precipitation? You then let fly some satirical Arrows against other Historians, and add, "This History is a round, firm, *compact* Clue of Composition, which may be gradually unwound, without being ravalled or disordered." I fancy you are mistaken, and that this *compact* Clue of Composition, will be loose, and disordered in the Manner I shall unravel it, before I leave it. "The Reflections," You then add, "Are pertinent, though very scarce." Very scarce indeed! "And often conveyed in a single Word of the Narration." The very Quintessence of Reflection, quite new and unheard of. Now for the Instances which you give. "These Sacrifices being made to Justice, and PERHAPS to Faction and Re-

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venge.

“venge. Here the Word *perhaps* stands as a Beacon to the
 “Reader, and absolutely directs his Reflection.” Is not this
 an Honour never bestowed on the Adverb *perhaps*, before?
 “It stands like a Beacon.” A Beacon is designed to give
positive Intelligence of some Enemy approaching, which can
 never resemble a *perhaps*; that being an indefinite Term, and
 therefore cannot direct *absolutely*. And after all, this *perhaps*
 is no *Reflection* of the Author, but directs the Reader to
 make *his* Reflection. Is not this a most inimitable Reflection
 for an Historian? Or without a *perhaps*, is it a Reflection at
 all? In the next Place you consider an Epithet as a Re-
 flection. “The three Estates were asked severally their
 “Opinions of this RIDICULOUS Claim, which they
 “unanimously admitted.” Here the Epithet *Ridiculous*, is
 exhibited as an historical Reflection. In what Manner is that
 Word a Reflection upon the Claim of the Duke of *Lancaster*
 as you say? Is his Title to the Crown examined? are the Rea-
 son why it was admitted, and the Justice of the Decision, in-
 vestigated and compared with the Claim of his Competitor in
 the Word *Ridiculous*? I am afraid that Epithet, to show I
 can *pun* as well as you, is a *Reflection* upon the Author’s Un-
 derstanding only. Again you instance, “In his Detail of
 “the Battle of *Agincourt*, *Henry* forthwith commanded all
 “the Prisoners to be put to the Sword; and this INHUMAN
 “Order was punctual executed.” Here the Epithet *Inhuman*
 stands as an historical Reflection, without one Syllable of
 Examination into the Necessity *Henry* was under to promulge
 such rigorous Commands; and whether his Situation would
 justify these Proceedings, according to the Rules and Laws of
 War. Are not his Reflections extremely pertinent, though
 extremely scarce, and which as he tells us, he could not avoid
 making? To this, you add, “There are numberless In-
 “stances of the same *Figure*.” What *Figure* is it pray,
 Gentlemen Critics? How long have single Words been de-
 nominated *Figures*? Thus you plainly see you have tasked
 your

your Abilities beyond their Powers, as you neither understand what makes a *Reflection* in History, nor a *Figure* in Speech. After this you bestow Abundance of Panegyric on this Historian, to the full as justly founded as it is on his *pertinent Reflections*; and then declare, "What we chiefly applaud is " his Candor and Impartiality, from which we think he has " not *once* deviated through his whole History." And which Expression I will undertake to prove, you do not understand any more than that of Reflection, " And his inviolably adhering to Truth."

However you acknowledge, " He is defective in deducing " the Origin of our Constitution, from the *Saxons*. The " Alterations it underwent at the Conquest, and the Nature " of the feudal Tenures." Defects of great Importance in a History of a free People. " It is not sufficiently circumstantial in Church-History, and the Lives of great Men " are slightly touched, and others passed over in Silence." What an admirable Composition this must be, where the Church-History is not sufficiently circumstantial, and the great Men slightly mentioned, or not spoken of? Is it not like the *Condensation* of Lead, with the Silver taken out? In this Opinion you contradict yourselves also. Since you have said before, " Each Incident maintains it's proper Place " in this History, and every Event is exactly recorded;" and yet the most important are omitted. By which wonderful Contrivance, those Incidents and Events are at *one* Time in *two* Places; *in* the History, and *out* of the History. " The " Chronology might be better ascertained." A very considerable Error that also. " Certain Expressions are repeated " too often, and there are certain Lapses of the Pen." This proves the Style undoubtedly to be neither negligent nor humble. " It wants Tables of Coins, Taxes, and Revenues." All which being imperfect, and omitted; together with the

other Faults, which I have proved to be in it. How comes this to be styled, *A complete History of England* ?

After this, " Sacrifice to Candour," As you term it, " you submit to the Reader's Judgment, a few Specimens " of the Author's Manner of Writing." Which you describe in the bombast Style of " Seeing the individual Combatants, being transported into the Midst of the Engagement, and fighting in Imagination with all the Fervour of " Henry's valiant Followers." This Specimen is the Description of the Battle of *Agincourt*, in which nineteen Parts of twenty, are borrowed from *Rapin*; and those which he has *retrenched*, and in which he has differed from him, the greatest good Sense is to be found in that Historian, and the greatest Want of it in your Author. The Latter, speaking of *Henry*, " Says in order to extend his Front equal to that " of the Enemy, he was obliged to form his little Army, " into one Line. The right Wing commanded by the " Duke of *York*, &c. was a little Way before the Center, " which the King took under his own Conduct. The Left, " which may be denominated the Rear, as it had not advanced as far as the other two Divisions, was left under the " Duke of *Exeter*, and nothing could be more prudent than " this Disposition." For declaring which Opinion you give no Reason, and it is probably the first Time a General has ever been praised, for drawing up his Army in a broken and single Line; because at each Break, it was capable of being flanked by the Enemy, which was more numerous, and after a Shock or Repulse incapable of being sustained by a second Line. *Rapin*, says, *Henry drew up his Army in two Lines, the Duke of York commanding the First, and the King the Second.* Let the Reader judge which Disposition was most like a General, and why you were of a different Opinion. Your Favourite, says, " *Henry rode along the Line, exhorting, and*
" encouraging

“ encouraging the Soldiers to behave like *Englishmen*. *Rapin*,
 That he rode along the Front, and exhorted his Troops not to fear
 a Multitude of raw, undisciplined Soldiers. He represented to
 them, that Victories depended not on Numbers, but in Bravery,
 and the Assistance of God. Particulars adapted to dispel Fear,
 and animate the Soldiery, omitted by your Author. Henry,
 also, perceiving the French did not move, said to his Offi-
 cers with a chearful Voice : Our Enemies have intercepted our
 Way, let us proceed to break through them in the Name of the
 Holy Trinity. Which short Speech delivered with Chearful-
 ness, expressed as it were a Presentiment of Victory ; and im-
 parted, that Enthusiasm to his Followers, which is so necessary
 to be communicated to an Army on the Moment of Attack.

Your Author tells us, “ The *English* Bowmen had ad-
 vanced beyond their Stakes to make their general discharge ;
 “ but seeing the Enemies Cavalry in Motion to attack them,
 “ they retired within their Pallisadoes, with admirable Or-
 “ der and Dexterity.” To this *Rapin* adds a most essential
 Circumstance, which the other neglects. *The King had dis-*
ciplined his Men for some Days, to retire with Dexterity behind
their Stakes.

Your Favourite tells us, “ Though this Front-line of the
 “ *French*, consisted of the best Troops, animated by the
 “ Presence and Example of so many Noblemen, and com-
 “ manded by the Constable in Person, it could not suf-
 “ tain the Impetuosity of the Attack, and being once dis-
 “ ordered, all Opposition was at an End.” And notwithstanding
 after this, he continues the Battle, and gives an Ac-
 count “ Of eighteen *French* Knights all determined to take
 “ *Henry* dead or alive. Of one of them stunning him
 “ with a Battle-Axe. Of *David Gam*, the *Welch* Captain ;
 “ and two other Officers of the same Nation, rushing be-
 “ tween him and his Assailants, and losing their Lives in
 “ his Defence. Of *Henry* and *Gloucester* rushing into the
 “ Midst

" Midst of the Enemies, quite seperated from the Troops.
 " Of *Gloucester's* being felled, and *Henry* covering him. Af-
 " ter this of the Duke of *Alencon* resolving to make an At-
 " tack; his rushing upon *Henry*, being struck to the Ground
 " by him, and killed by the *English* Troops. And all this
 " While, " The third Line was still entire." That is, the
 " third Line was still entire, though the first and second " Was
 " so disordered, that they were not able to rally; had no
 " Room to turn, and were so encumbered by one another,
 " that they themselves contributed to the Victory of the *En-*
 " *glish*, who slaughtered them in Heaps until their Arms
 " were tired with the Carnage." Now you would oblige
 me by explaining, how the first and second Lines could run
 away; never rally; be slaughtered in Heaps, and the third
 Line look on still entire, and then Charge; and all this, af-
 ter your Author has declared, " All Opposition was at an
 " End."

On the other Hand, *Rapin* like a Man skilled in Military
 Affairs, tells us, *That the two hundred Bowmen concealed in the*
Meadow, plied the Horse with their Arrows, and put them into
greater Disorder as the Horses sunk up to their Knees in the Ground,
softened with the Rain. Which is an essential and charac-
 teristic Cause of two hundred Archers, throwing a numer-
 ous Cavalry into Disorder, and of *Henry's* Foresight in pro-
 ducing so great an Effect, from so small a Number. The
 Ground into which they sunk, being sufficient to create Con-
 fusion in the Charge; as the Horses, by some sticking in the
 Ground, and others pressing upon them, must thereby be dis-
 ordered. *Rapin*, says also, *Though the first Charge of the*
English was very vigorous, they were repulsed with some Loss;
but that it was not capable of disheartening Men, determined to
conquer or die. That after breathing, they charged with such
Resolution, that it was not possible for their Enemies to stand the
Shock; and that this second Attack was more difficultly repulsed,
because

because the French at the same Time felt themselves set upon in the Flank by the English Horse, ambushed behind the Wood. That the first Line of the French taking to flight, the English were stopt by the second. Men while, that Henry advanced with his second Line as the first gained Ground; and stood ready to support his Men, who would have been in Danger of being routed; whilst the first Body, after so gallant a Fight, were retiring to the Right and Left, to rally in the Rear. That Henry alighting from his Horse presented himself to the Enemy, with undaunted Courage. In this second Charge, according to *Rapin*, all the Feats of the Knights, Henry, Gloucester, and Alençon, were performed. Thus according to his Description, Reasons are assigned for the Length of the Battle, the Cause of its Success, and Time for the Variety of the Incidents, whereas your Historian routs all with a single Line, and gives an Account of fighting after all Opposition was at an End.

In *Rapin*, all is visible and clear: his Description, like a Pool of transparent Water, represents the Images of every Thing around, whereas your learned Doctor, in his Description, resembles an Ass that has trotted into this Pool, and disturbing the dirty Contents at the Bottom, destroyed its Power of representing any distinct Object, making it all one Puddle and Confusion. By drawing up the Army in one broken Line, instead of two entire ones, by omitting the Expressions and Chearfulness of *Henry*, which distinguish his military Capacity, in the Duty of animating his Troops at the Moment of the Onset, so essential to a Commander, by neglecting to mention that he had disciplined his Soldiers, to retire behind the Stakes in Time of Action, taking Advantage of the soft Ground; of inventing new Manners of Attack, and new Arms, so absolutely necessary to a General in all Battles, as *Xenophon* has justly remarked, and *Rapin* understood. He has deprived him of the Honour of his great Generalship, by condemning *Henry's* Conduct, in exposing him-

himself at a Moment, when it is the Duty of every General in similar Circumstances, to offer his Life in animating his Soldiers to Conquest ; he has shewn he cannot distinguish according to Circumstances. All which are so many Proofs how unequal he is to the Task of an Historian, that Perplexity, instead of Perspicuity is the genuine Characteristic of this learned Doctor, and that a Pair of Scissars should never be trusted in his Hands to *retrench* former Historians, for Fear of committing Murder on their Works.

As an Instance of his Propriety and Preservation of Circumstances, he has said of the Distemper which raged among the *English*, " it was so violent, they are said to have fought without Breeches, to save the Trouble of *untrussing*." What a ludicrous Image is introduced amidst the Description of a Battle scarce equall'd in Heroism and Slaughter, and how unbecoming the Dignity of an Historian.

Such is the Specimen of your Champion's Manner of Writing. After thus having depreciated the Merits of other Historians in drawing Characters, you proceed to say, " we think our Author particularly happy in the Pourtraits he has exhibited ;" in which you and I differ in Opinion ; and tho' you have assigned no Reason for yours, I will for mine, *because Impossibilities cannot exist in the same Individual* ; and which, tho' already sufficiently explained, I shall examine the two following Characters, which you have given as Instances of his Merit in that Manner of Writing. He says, " *Henry the Fourth possessed a great Share of Courage, yet he was humble from Fear ; a great Share of Fortitude, and yet he was tame from Caution ; a great Share of Per- tration, and yet he was superstitious.*" Pray, Gentlemen, how can these Contrarieties exist in the same Person, particularly the *Courage* and *Fear*, the *Fortitude* and *Tameness* ; nay, he says, this *timid tame* man, " was naturally *im- perious*, and was without the least Tincture of *Virtue*," and yet

yet he possessed a great Share of *Courage* and *Fortitude*, two Qualities, one of which the *Romans* distinguished by the name of *Virtus*, always reckoned amongst the *Virtues*, till you arose to dignify the liberal Arts, and excluded them the List. Can there be any Thing more absurd and impossible? And yet you declare, “ here is nothing vague, superfluous or “ unfinished.” God bless your critical Sculls for the Decision. You then inform us from him, that “ *Richard* the “ Third was a Caricatura of the same Family. In our Author’s Description he appears *marquée au bon coin*,” which I assure you, Gentlemen, to be neither Truth nor good *French*, HE being masculine in that Language, whatever it may may be in *Scotch*, and *marquée* Feminine, and therefore false Grammar. But let me examine this Character so truly delineated.

“ *Richard* was the most cruel unrelenting Tyrant that “ ever sat on the Throne of *England*; his ruling Passion was “ Ambition, for the Gratification of which he trampled upon “ every Law both human and divine. It was the Ambition “ of a Savage, not a Prince. Yet after his Accession to the “ Throne, his Administration in general was conducted by “ the Rules of Justice: He enacted salutary Laws, and established wise Regulations, and if his Reign had been protracted, he might have proved an excellent King to the “ *English* Nation.” You can explain all this, I presume, how a Man who generally administered Justice, enacted salutary Laws, and established wise Regulations, can have been the most cruel, unrelenting Tyrant that ever sat on this Throne, and how a Savage in Ambition might have proved an excellent King for *England*? Here your Author is *marqué au bon coin*. This, Gentlemen, is Contradiction, not Caricatura, the latter, according to Painters, being an Aggravation of the Features of a Face, your Historian gives such as never existed in the same Visage. He might as well

have said, that tho' *Richard* had one Shoulder higher than the other, yet that both were equal. Is he not particularly happy in his Pourtraits? Such are the Talents of him whom you have so lavishly praised for his Skill in drawing Characters; like a Dauber in Painting, in whose Pieces all the Figures are equally present to the Eye, without Harmony or Art in Perspective and Colouring; whereas the Particulars of one Character should be disposed like the Figures in a compleat Piece of History Painting, the ruling Disposition, like the first Figure, in the most striking Situation, and all the others going off in due Degree of Strength and Subordination, as they are found to exist in the Character of the Person, and in the Pictures of a Master.

I come now to the Proof of his Partiality, and Neglect of Truth, which shall be taken from the Character of *Mary* Queen of *Scots*, and of yours in declaring his Candour, in which he has never failed once through the whole History. He tells us, "Perhaps the Charms of her Person, and the Accomplishments of her Sex, in which she far outshone all her Contemporaries, contributed as much to her Ruin, as did her Title to the Crown of *England*. *Elizabeth* not only dreaded *Mary* as the Rival of her Dignity, but also envied her superior Qualifications. The Queen of *England* seems to have been in a great Measure actuated by personal Malice, founded upon the Result of a Comparison between her own Character, and that of the all accomplished *Mary* Queen of *Scots*. *Mary*, bating some Acts of Indiscretion, excusable from her Youth, was a Lady possessed of the most amiable Virtues, over and above her amazing Beauty, and the exquisite Symmetry of her Person, she was learned, penetrating, invincibly secret, unaffectedly pious, meek, affable, magnanimous, and endowed with such Fortitude as no Adversity could discompose."

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In this Account the same national Partiality and Prejudice which he has shewn for his Countrymen in the Review, is exhibited in Favour of *Mary* Queen of *Scots*, and the same Aversion which he has manifested to *English* and *Irishmen*, in his depreciating *Elizabeth* Queen of *England*.

Could *Elizabeth* have put *Mary* to Death after nineteen Years Imprisonment on Account of her Beauty? an Object of Resentment which must have been pretty well worn off by Age from *Mary*, and from *Elizabeth*, as every Day must have rendered one less beautiful, and the other less anxious about it, if she ever was anxious, who resolved never to marry. It was the Consent and Combination of *Mary* with those who intended to assassinate the Queen of *England*, that proved the Cause of her Death. *Elizabeth* found that no Length of Time could cure them of attempting her Life; wherefore to be at Ease, and preserve the Nation's Tranquility, she consented to the Trial and Execution of the Queen of *Scots*. *Mary* "out shone all her Cotemporaries in the Accomplishments of her Sex." Did she know more Languages? Was she better instructed in Science? Did she rule with more Prudence? Chuse Ministers with greater Sagacity? Cherish her Subjects and support the Dignity of her Crown with greater Glory than *Elizabeth*? "She was penetrating and pious." The Princesses whom the Historians of her own Time, of her own Court, and of her own Kingdom, *Melville* and *Buchanan*, have delivered down, as making *Rizzio* an *Italian* Fiddler her prime Minister, whose Levity with him gave Occasion to think it criminal, and which procured him his Assassination; who buried this Man amongst the Kings of *Scotland*; who endeavoured to corrupt her Judges in Favour of *Bothwell*, when he was to be tried for attempting to murder *Murray*; who gave public Testimony of hating her Husband, and lost all Shame in her Amours with *Bothwell*; who by hypocritical Letters and Visits persuaded the King to return to *Edinburgh*; who is accused of conspiring his Death, and

far-

surveying his dead Body without one Tear or Mark of Grief after his Murder ; who married *Bothwell* that had divorced his Wife on Purpose, the Man actually concerned in the King's Murder, or in causing it to be perpetrated. " Such are " the Acts of Indiscretion excusable from Youth in the pene- " trating, pious *Mary* Queen of *Scots*, possessed of the most " amiable Virtues, and accomplished beyond all her Cotem- raries." What Neglect of Truth ? What egregious Partia- lity ? And yet there is not one Instance of Want of Candor in all this History. The Conduct of *Mary*, even as repre- sented with all the improbable Circumstances taken from a *Scotch* Enthusiast, who, if I remember well, compares her to the Virgin *Mary*, manifests no Piety, Penetration or Accom- plishments superior to *Elizabeth* ; but I am weary of chop- ping the same Block.

Thus, Gentlemen, I have examined into the Merits of your Hero, as an Historian, and of him and you as Critics, from the Passages which you have selected to shew his Excellencies, and wherefore you can perceive, in him, that " he has imi- " tated *Thucydides* in Weight." (Indeed he is heavy enough) " and Conciseness," though he does not understand the Lan- guage in which he wrote ; " *Livy* in Painting," where his Battles and Descriptions are all Confusion and Turbulence ; " *Guicciardini* in Characters," where the Dispositions, like a Company of blind Beggars in Drink, are continually runing one against another, or like the Men rising from the Dra- gon's Teeth, demolishing their Companions. Certainly you must be excellent Judges of Literature, but if peradventure the Writer of the History should be the sole Criticiser of his own Work, so lavish in its Praise, how much must we ad- mire his Modesty, which alone can equal his Skill as an Historian and Critic.

After having thus far, in pursuit of Justice, explored and explained the Absurdities of this History, the same Love of
Truth

Truth shall make me declare its Merit. Heaven forbid I should participate of the Prejudices and Partiality of you, Gentlemen *Scotch* Critics. There is a Book entitled, *The * Marrow of the English History*; this has been thought too slippery to be retained in the Reader's Memory. The learned Doctor's Performance has been by some Readers considered as the dry Bones, and thought too dry ever to find Admission into our Remembrance; however, its Excellence consists in its Aptitude for uniting with the Marrow, by which Means the latter may be made solid enough to be retained, and the former slippery enough to enter into the Intellects of their Readers, and this I hope will prove an Advantage to both Productions.

Such is the History of *England* written by this learned Doctor, Critic, and Historian, the very Plan of which, like an Ideot's Coat, declares that it must be void of all internal Merit; however, that I may not resemble him in his Aversion for all Writers, but those of his own Nation, I shall avoid all Intimation of requesting his Readers to compare him with any Historian but those of his own Country, to evince this Truth: That no Work has ever so effectually afforded a Demonstration, that the Writer is incapacitated for his Undertaking. Let this History, therefore, be read, together with those of Mr. *Guthrie* and Mr. *Hume*, by which the infinite Disparity will appear, and the Merits of the latter be found to arise from an Exhibition of Faculties not to be discovered in the Work, nor indeed to be conceived in the Understanding of the learned Doctor.

This Work of such superior Merit, is dedicated to Mr. *Pitt*, whom your Hero, amongst other great Qualities, praises for his being "an undaunted Assertor of *British* Liberty;" which Eulogy he undoubtedly deserves. But I
with

with to know, since he has bestowed that Title on him in his Dedication, for what Reason he has in the critical Review distinguished the Author of the Letters to the People of *England*, by the Appellations of “ infidious Scribler, Enemy to the Government, and Sower of the Seeds of Civil “ Dissention.” Which Way am I to reconcile this Panegyric and Abuse upon two Men, who, though the latter willingly confesses his vast Inferiority, have endeavoured the same Thing. The meanest Soldier in the Army shares the Applause of Conquest with the General. Must not he then have gone contrary to his Conviction in his Praise, or in his Slander? but probably, void of all Principle, like the Needle unimpregnated with the Virtue of the Magnet, he points to all Quarters, as Accident, Caprice, Passion or Interest directs him, his Animosity and Envy prompting him to calumniate the Author of the Letters, and his Expectation of Advantage to praise the Secretary of State.

Thus, Gentlemen *Scotch* Critics, I have fairly enquired into the Abilities which you have tasked for exercising the Art of Criticism, in which it appears from your Manners, that you cannot be Gentlemen; from your Unskillfulness in Languages, that you cannot be Scholars; from your Ignorance in Theology, Metaphysics and Physics, that you cannot be Philosophers; from your Deficiency in Medicine, that you cannot be Physicians; from your being Strangers to History, that you know not human Nature; from your Shallowness in the *Belles Lettres*, and Productions of Arts, that you possess no Taste; and from all, that you are totally unacquainted with every Kind of Literature.

In like Manner, it is evident from your Prejudices against the *English* and *Irish*, you are Strangers to Candor; from your Partiality to your own Countrymen, that you are no Enemies to Dunces; that you have promised what you have not performed, and are absolutely incapacitated from performing—

forming what you have tasked your Abilities to execute, and to speak in your Gentleman-like Words ; “ Sorry I am that
 “ Truth obliges me to declare this pretended *Critical Review*, a very trivial, insipid, injudicious, and defective
 “ Performance, without Plan, Method, Learning, Accuracy,
 “ or Elegance; an unmeaning Composition of Shreds, Rags,
 “ and Remnants, torn away without Art, and sewed together without Order or Propriety, a Variety of Nothingness, a patched and pye-ball’d Linsey Woolsey Nothing.
 “ I speak not from Spleen or private Resentment ;” having, I humbly presume, proved all this to Satisfaction against you.

In Fact, it is known you are a Cabal of refugee *Scotchmen*, who style yourselves Physicians; who from innate Hate have combined to depreciate the Productions of all *English* and *Irish* Physicians and Writers; and innate Prejudice and Favour, to exalt those of your own Countrymen, and keep Stupidity in Countenance; and probably you might originally be simple enough to believe that the timid would be awed into a Fear of your Criticism and Slander, and pay for praising their Performances. In this I imagine you have miscarried, from the Motto of your seventeenth Number.

*Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
 Speratum meritis. ———*

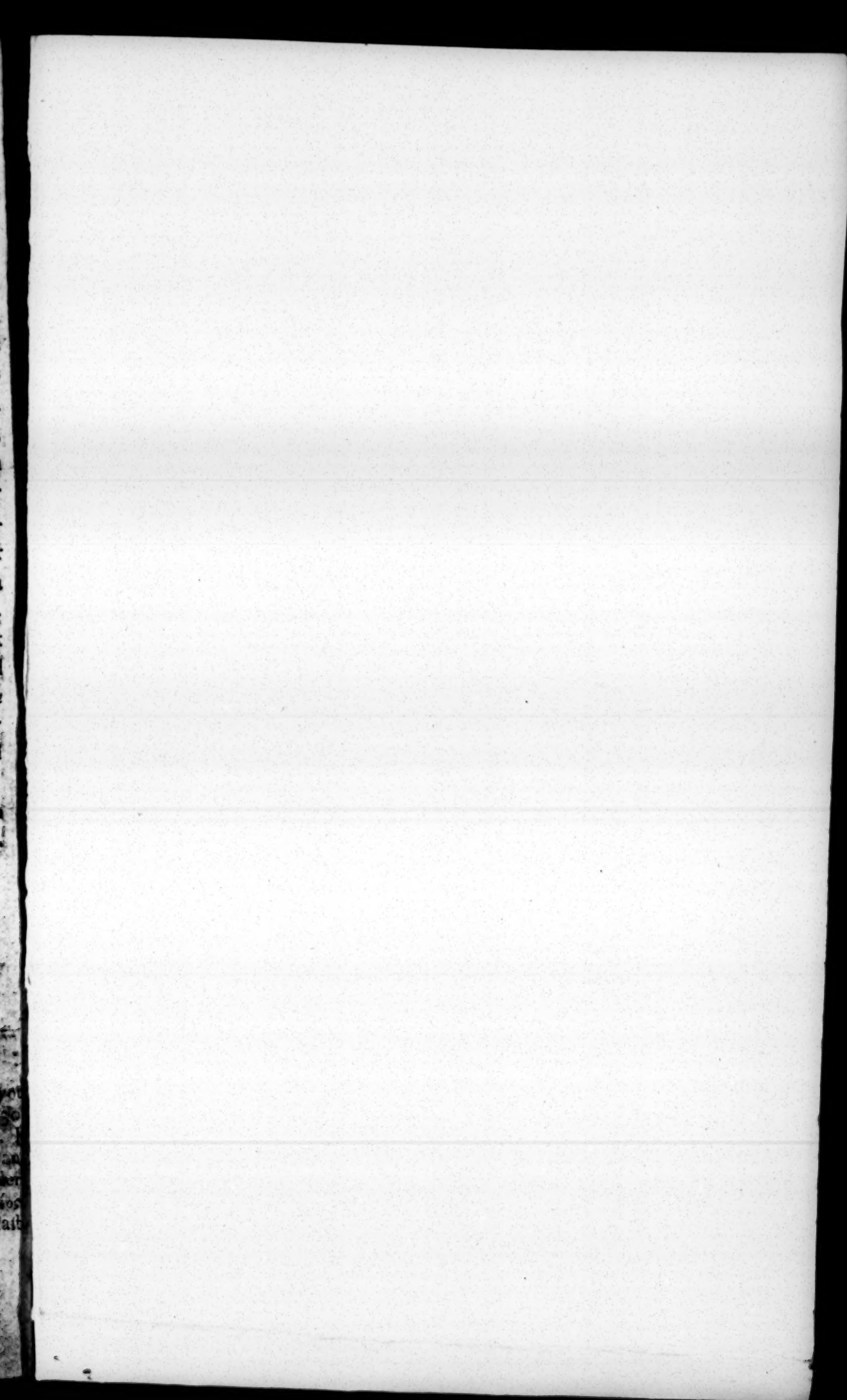
Which being interpreted, may signify, we are sorry that the Sale of our Annals does not defray the Expence of Printing. Then you tell us, at the End of your first Number, “ that
 “ you have been studious to cater Variety for your Guests,” which ends the Number as it began, in false Grammar, cater being a Verb neuter. At which Time you said, and have since continued, “ *If* we have omitted Beauties, and
 “ exaggerated Blemishes; *if* we have afforded any Reason
 “ to

“ to doubt our Taste or Integrity, we profess ourselves
 “ open to Conviction and Reproof; and should any Per-
 “ son take the Trouble to demonstrate our Errors, and Mis-
 “ conduct, we will endeavour to improve by his Censure,
 “ and kiss the Rod of Correction.” These Things being,
 I presume, at present proved against you, without an
if, it is expected you comply with this Promise, and kiss
 the Rod of Correction. Otherwise your Countryman, Dr.
Kennedy, whose *refined Wit, elegant Style, pertinent Reflections,*
keen Satyr, and profound Learning, place him, at least, upon
 a Level with the most exalted of your Countrymen; (for
 Heaven forbid I should not commend Merit in a Gentle-
 man, because he is a *Scotchman*) and make him blush for
 your prejudiced Proceedings, has determined to prepare a
 second Bundle of *whipping Rods for trifling scurrill Scriblers*.
 Wherefore I would advise you, whatever your Contempt
 may be for mine, to revere the Might of his Pen, and
 closely consider the following Proverb, taken from *Allan*
Ramsay's Collection of *Scotch* Proverbs, adapted to your
 Taste, and as it is in *Scotch*, it may probably be understood
 by you.

He that has his Cods in a cloven Stick, maun wyse them
 out the best Way he can. Chap. xv. p. 43. Number 35.
Edinburgh Edition.

ERRATA.

PAGE 11. l. 26. for anable, r. enable. P. 34. l. 18. for you
 and, r. and you. P. 34. l. 21. for Perog, P. 35. l. 20.
 for Exedor r. Oxedor. P. 49. l. 3. for Julius, r. Iclius. P. 51.
 l. 2. Grapling, not Grapling, along Side. P. 76. l. 26. for and
 r. Andran. P. 78. last Line, add, to kill, in *Tram* to *Tram*
 P. 94. l. 18. for Duret, r. Durer. P. 99. l. 17. for *trud*, r. *rud*
 P. 114. l. 28. r. Learning in this. P. 115. l. 9. r. tell us at last
 at last, correct many Errors in Punctuation.



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